T2™

TERMINATOR™ 2 JUDGMENT DAY

MARVEL COMICS

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PART 1 OF 3

THE ADAPTATION OF THE NEW SMASH HIT FILM!

T2™

PART 1 OF 3

TERMINATOR 2™ JUDGMENT DAY

PART ONE
ARRIVAL

Based on the screenplay by **James Cameron** & **William Wisher**
Adaptation: **Gregory Wright** Art: **Klaus Janson** Letterer: **Jim Novak**
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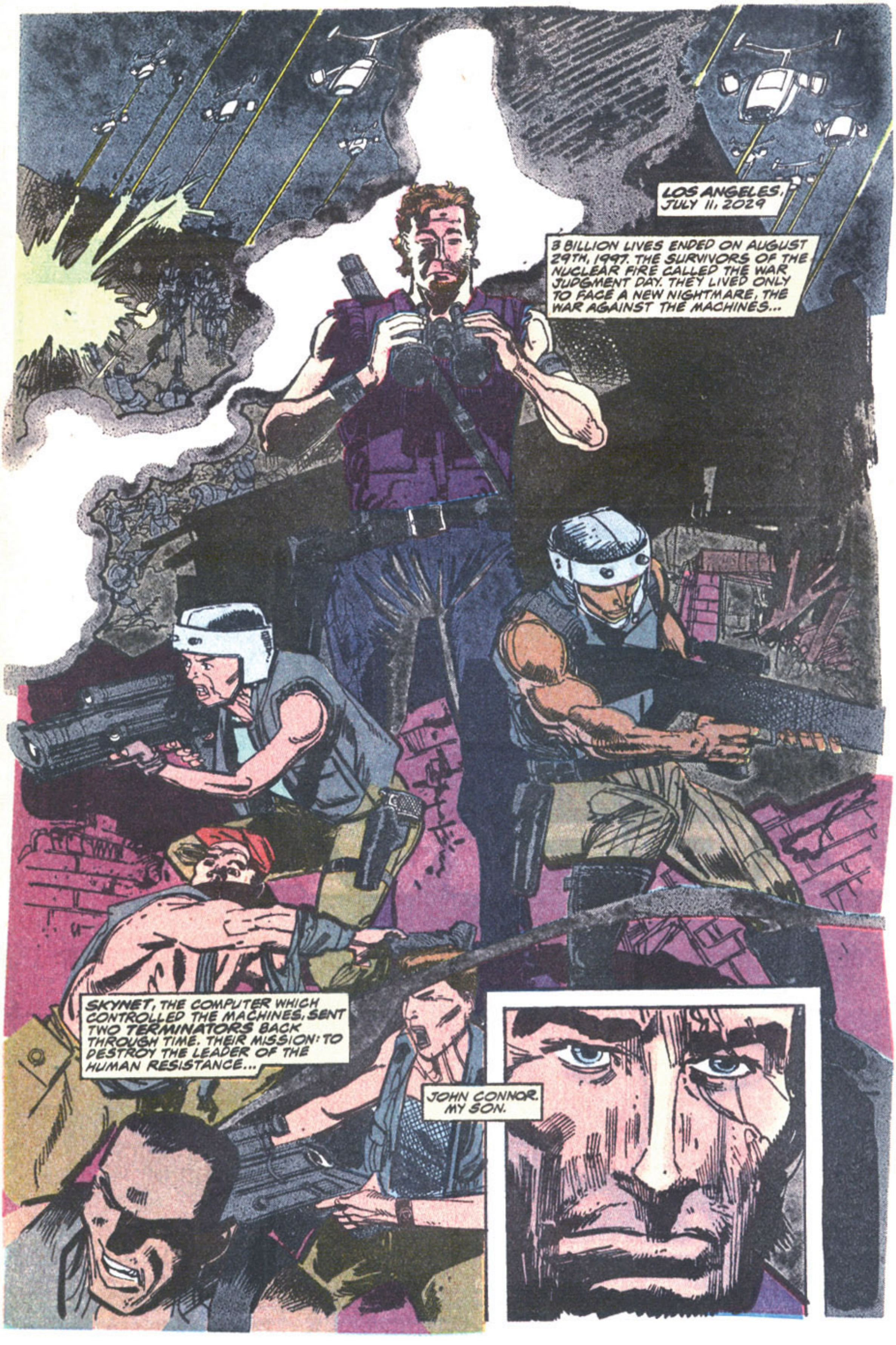
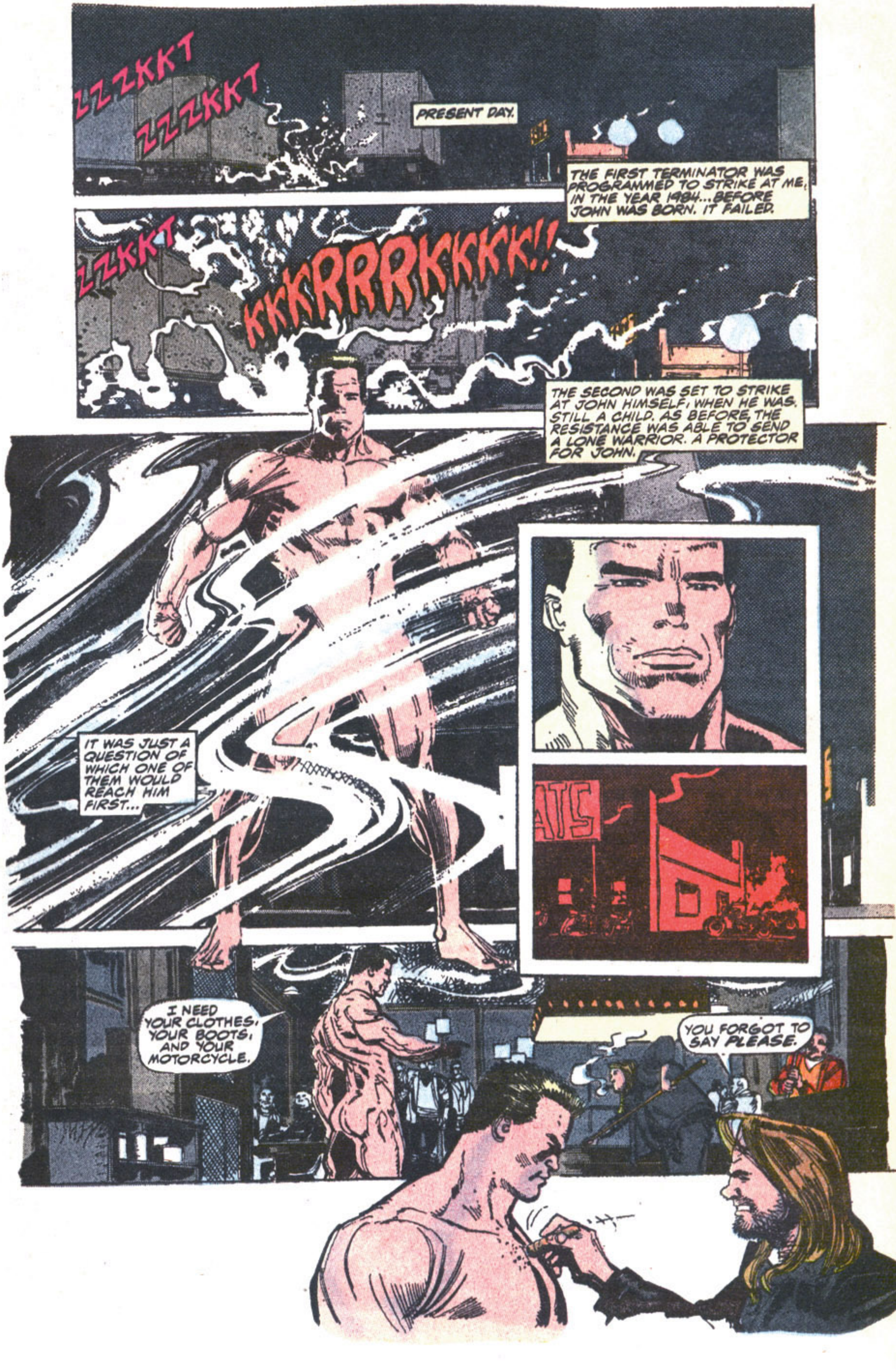
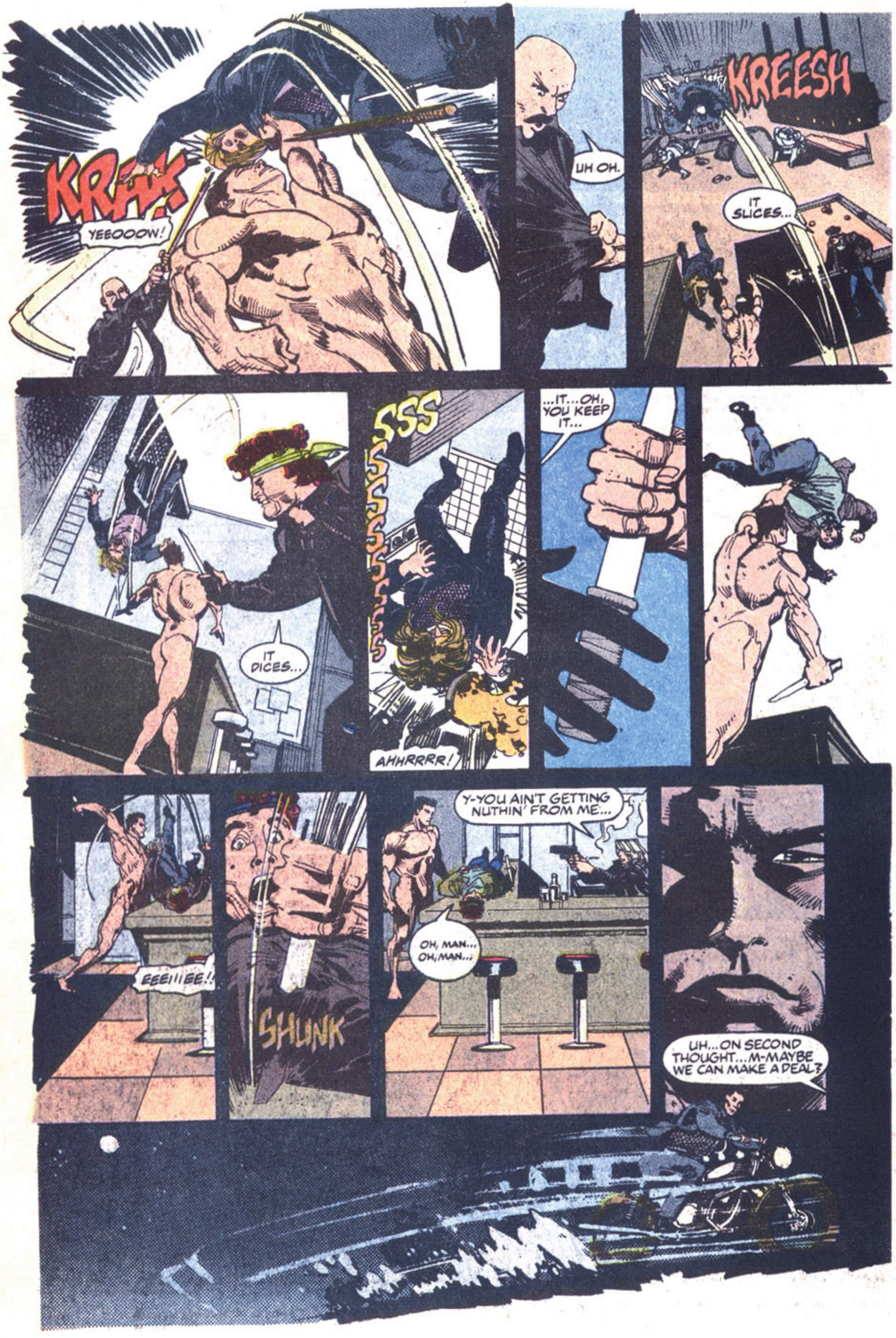
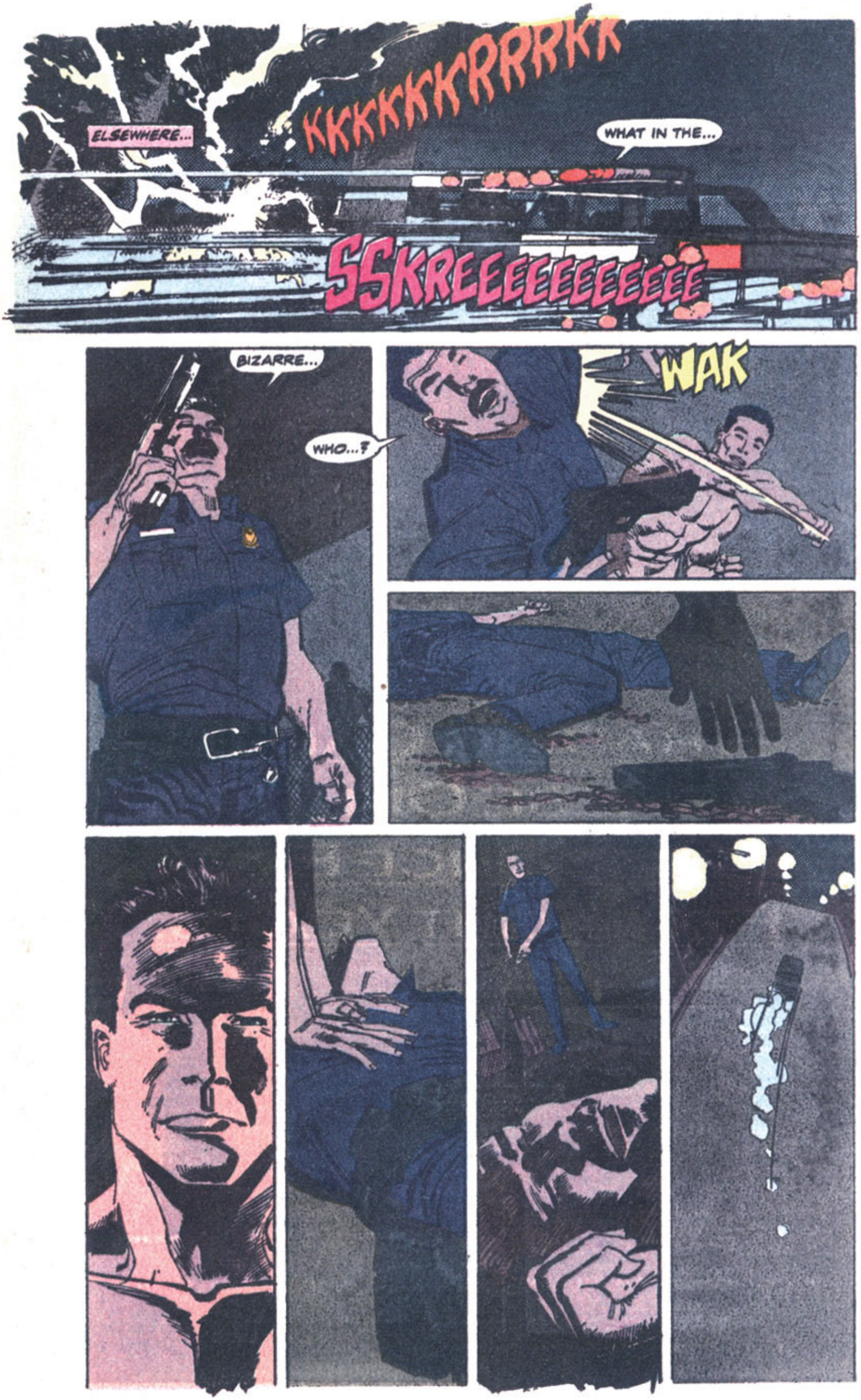
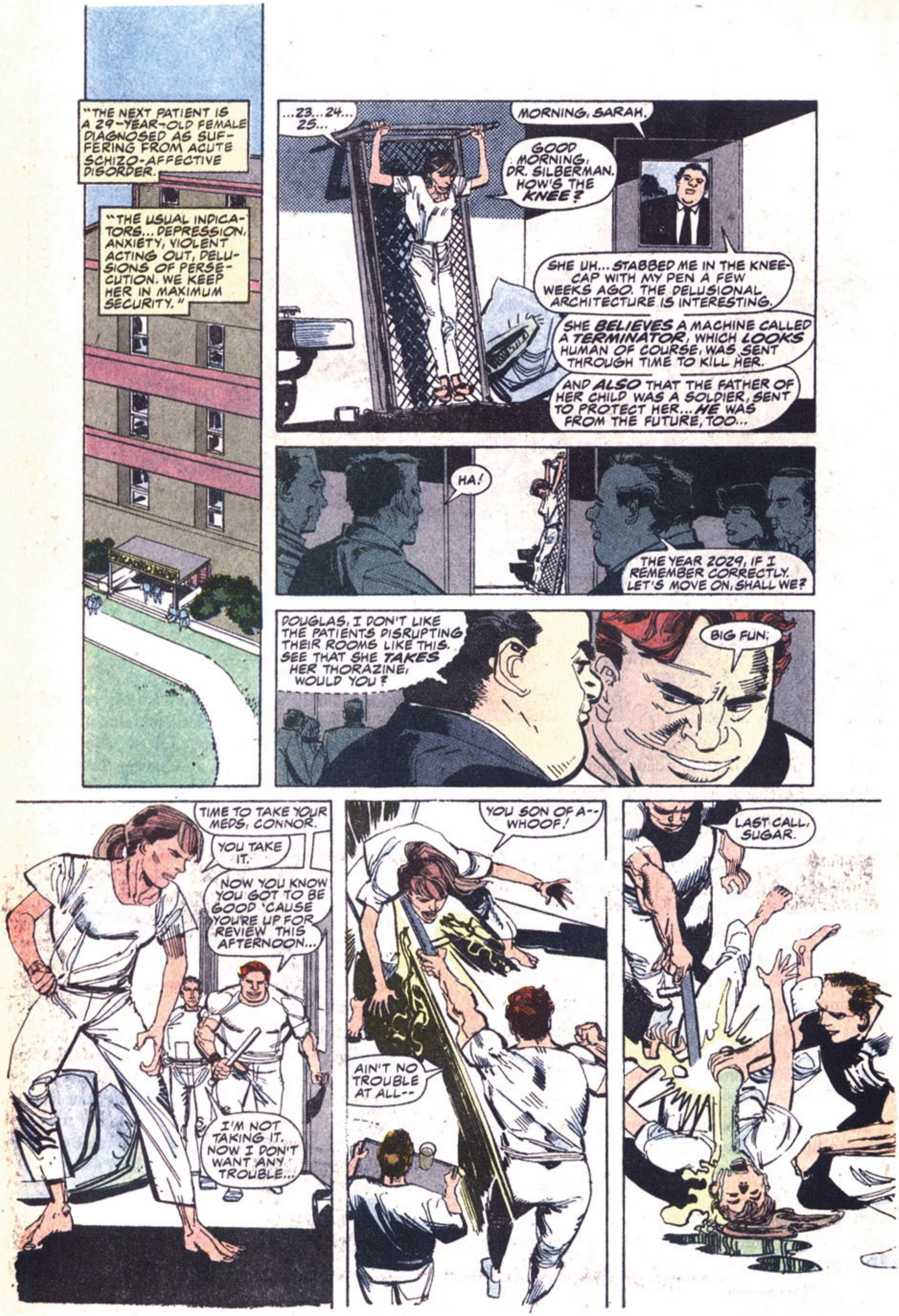
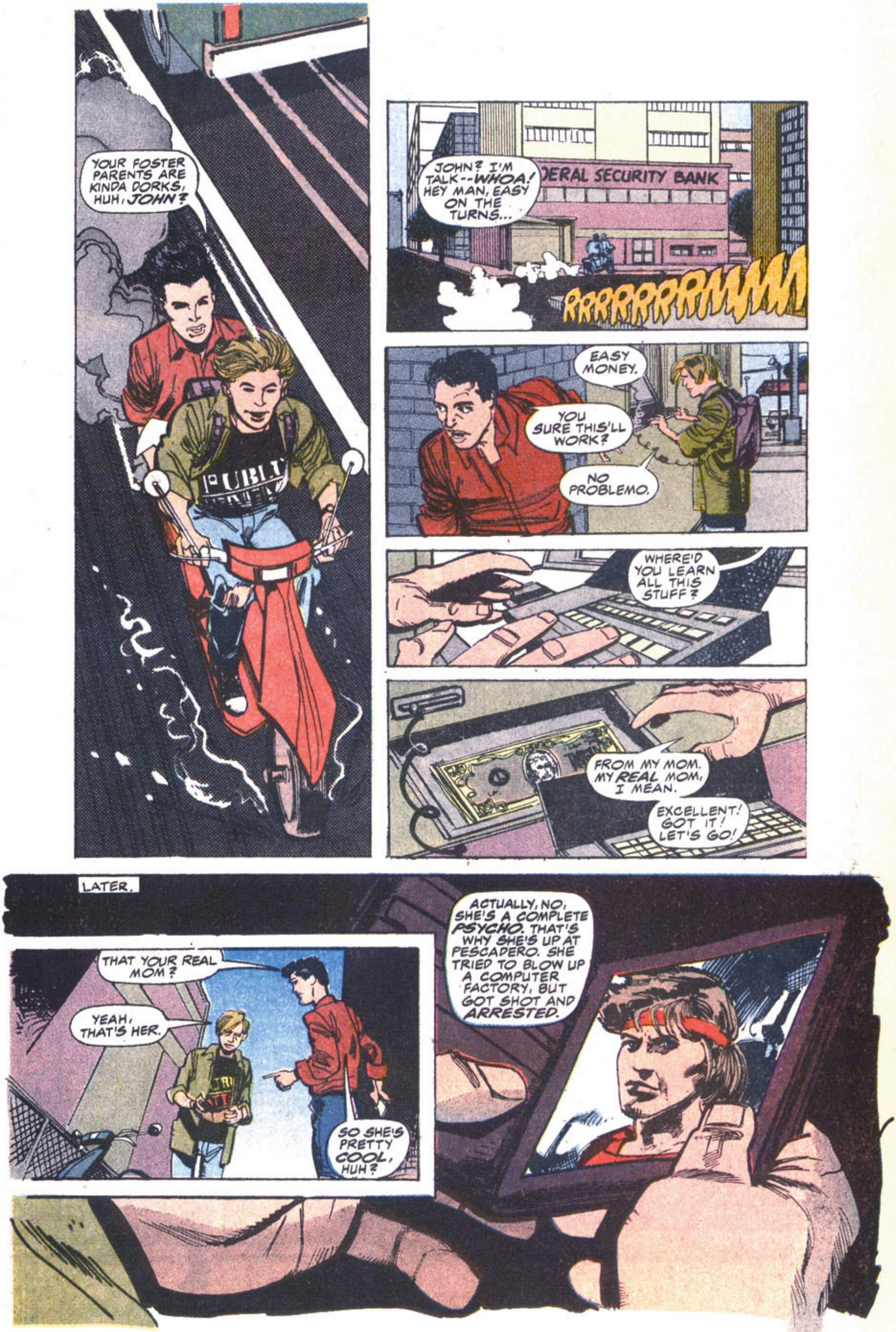

LOS ANGELES, JULY 11, 2029
3 BILLION LIVES ENDED ON AUGUST 29TH, 1997. THE SURVIVORS OF THE NUCLEAR FIRE CALLED THE WAR JUDGMENT DAY. THEY LIVED ONLY TO FACE A NEW NIGHTMARE, THE WAR AGAINST THE MACHINES...
SKYNET, THE COMPUTER WHICH CONTROLLED THE MACHINES, SENT TWO TERMINATORS BACK THROUGH TIME. THEIR MISSION: TO DESTROY THE LEADER OF THE HUMAN RESISTANCE...
JOHN CONNOR. MY SON.

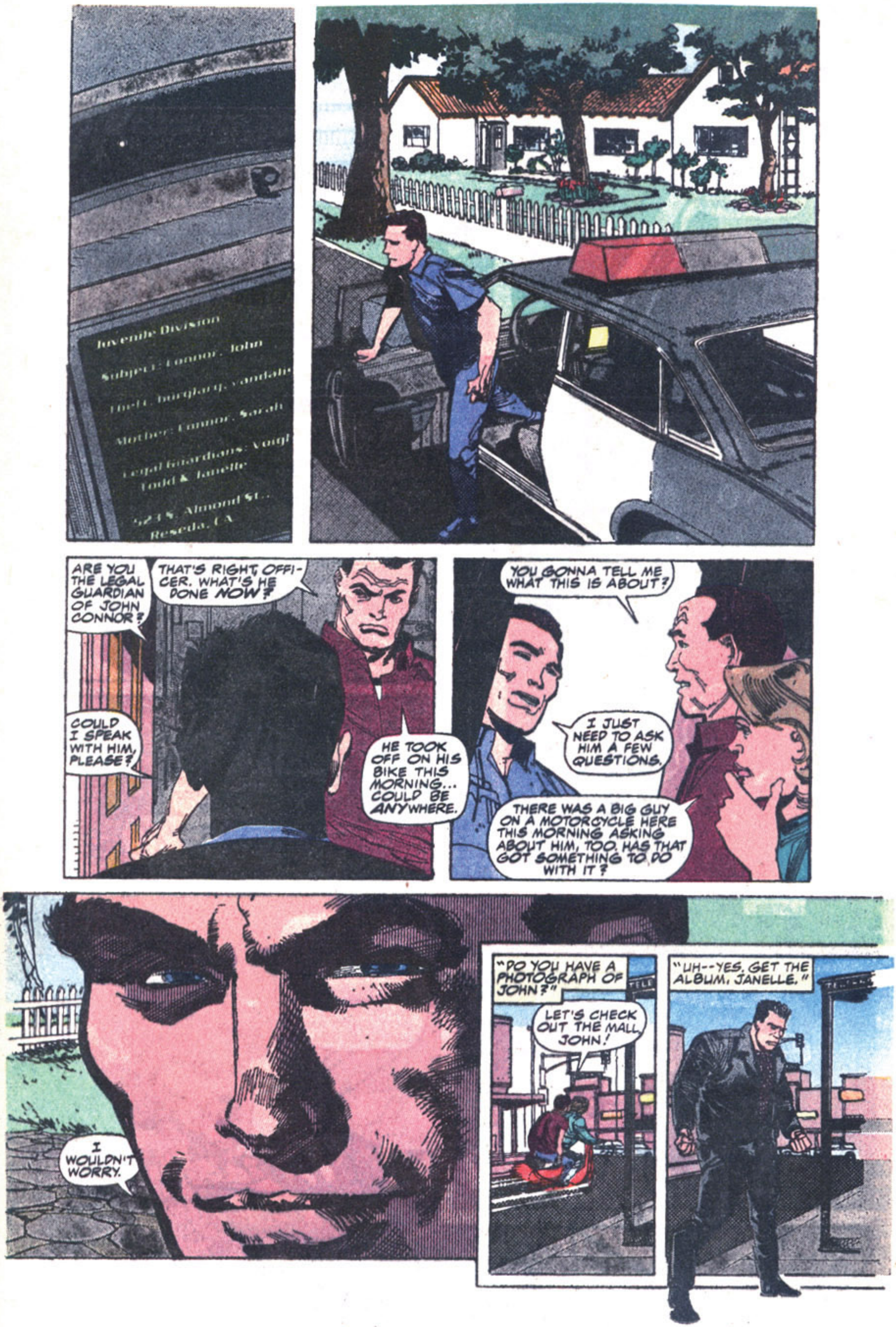

ZZZKKT
ZZZKKT
PRESENT DAY.
THE FIRST TERMINATOR WAS PROGRAMMED TO STRIKE AT ME, IN THE YEAR 1984... BEFORE JOHN WAS BORN. IT FAILED.
ZZKKT
KKKRRRKKKK!!
THE SECOND WAS SET TO STRIKE AT JOHN HIMSELF, WHEN HE WAS STILL A CHILD. AS BEFORE, THE RESISTANCE WAS ABLE TO SEND A LONE WARRIOR. A PROTECTOR FOR JOHN.
IT WAS JUST A QUESTION OF WHICH ONE OF THEM WOULD REACH HIM FIRST...
I NEED YOUR CLOTHES, YOUR BOOTS, AND YOUR MOTORCYCLE.
YOU FORGOT TO SAY PLEASE.


KRAK!
YEEOOOW!
UH OH.
KREESH
IT SLICES...
IT DICES...
SSS
...IT...OH, YOU KEEP IT...
AHHRRRR!
EEEIIEE!!
SHUNK
Y-YOU AIN'T GETTING NUTHIN' FROM ME...
OH, MAN... OH, MAN...
UH...ON SECOND THOUGHT...M-MAYBE WE CAN MAKE A DEAL?

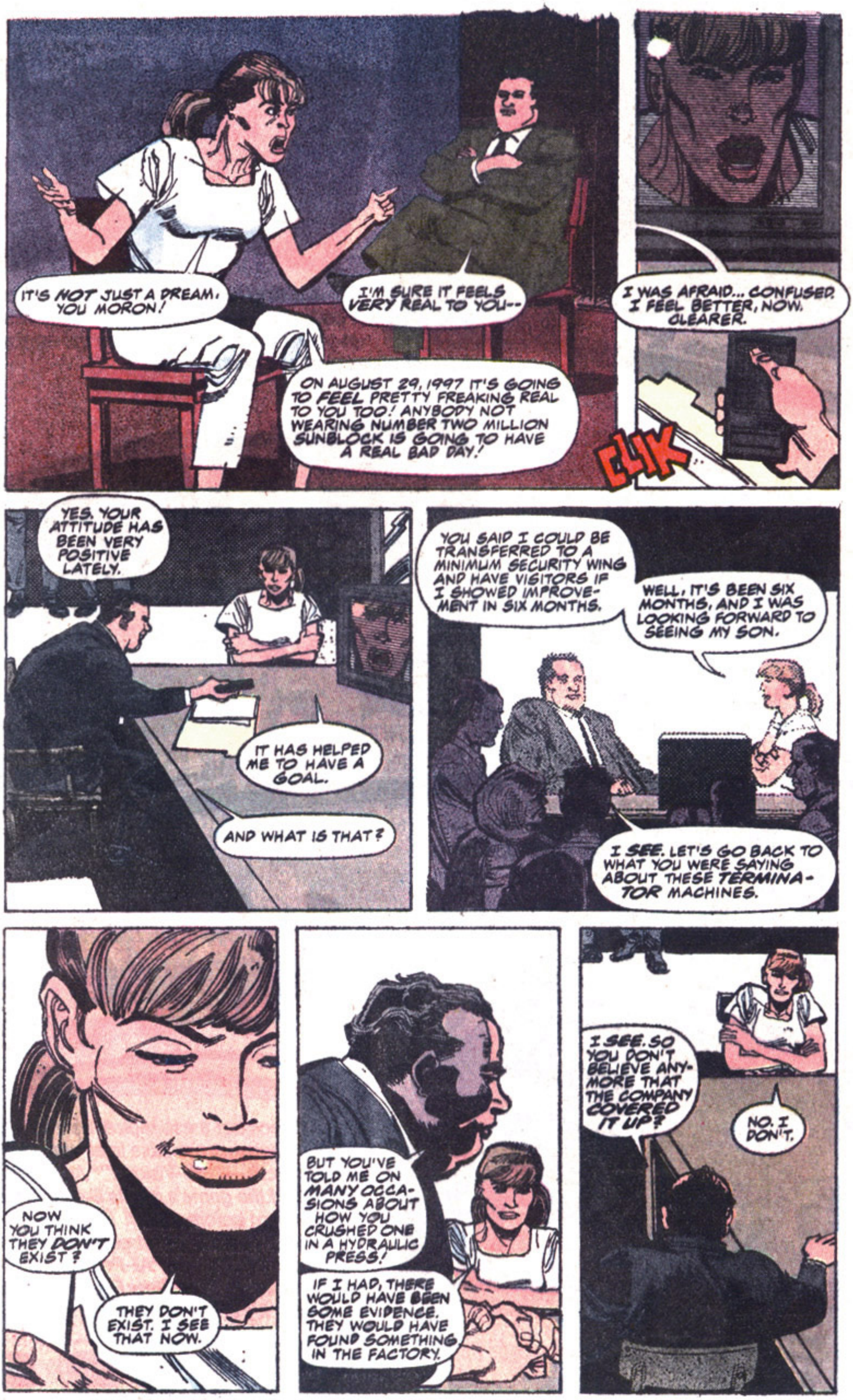

ELSEWHERE...
KKKKKKRRRRKK
WHAT IN THE...
SSKREEEEEEEEEEE
BIZARRE...
WHO...?
WAK

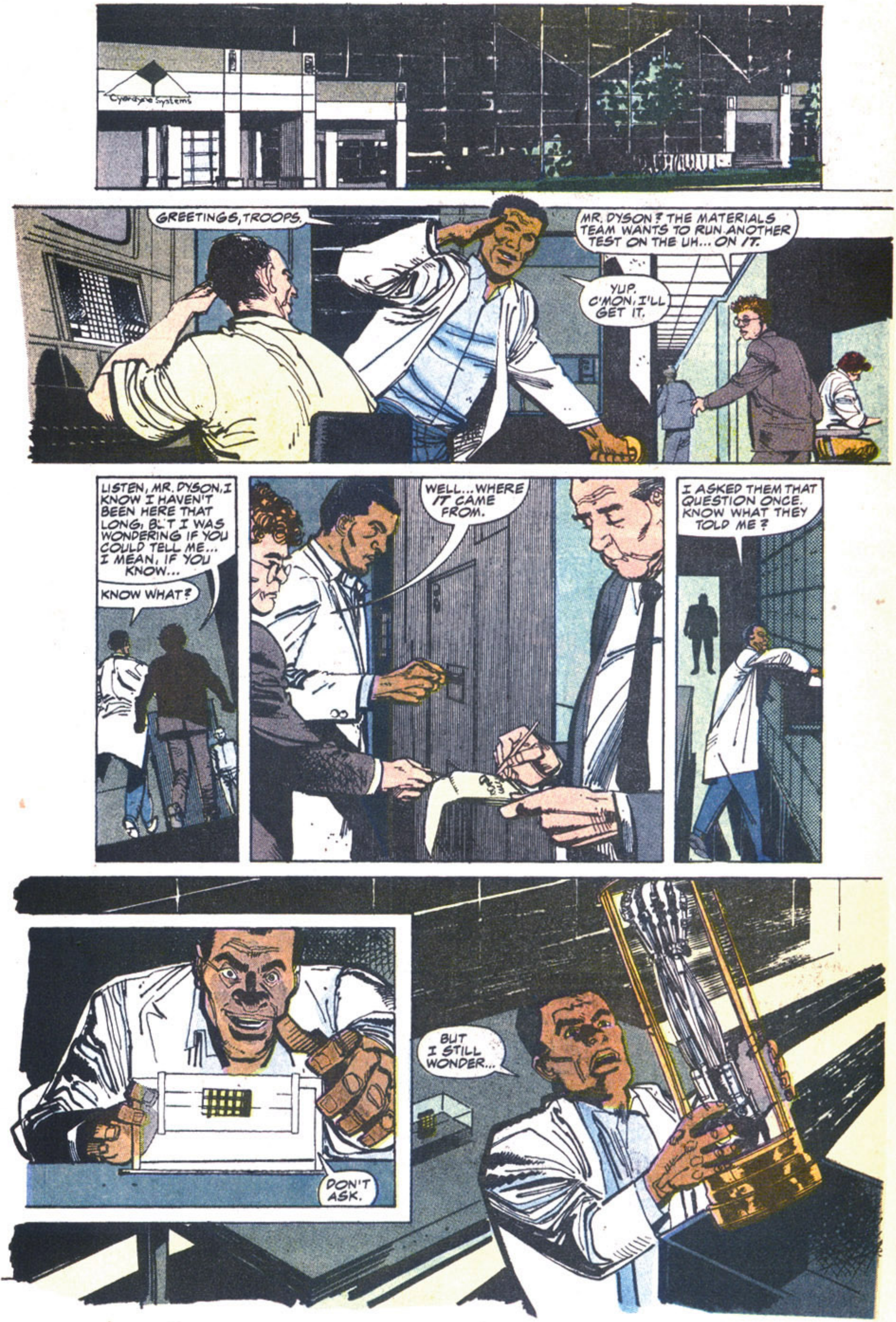

"THE NEXT PATIENT IS A 29-YEAR-OLD FEMALE DIAGNOSED AS SUFFERING FROM ACUTE SCHIZO-AFFECTIVE DISORDER.
"THE USUAL INDICATORS... DEPRESSION, ANXIETY, VIOLENT ACTING OUT, DELUSIONS OF PERSECUTION. WE KEEP HER IN MAXIMUM SECURITY."
...23... 24... 25...
MORNING, SARAH.
GOOD MORNING, DR. SILBERMAN. HOW'S THE *KNEE?*
SHE UH... STABBED ME IN THE KNEECAP WITH MY PEN A FEW WEEKS AGO. THE DELUSIONAL ARCHITECTURE IS INTERESTING.
SHE *BELIEVES* A MACHINE CALLED A *TERMINATOR*, WHICH *LOOKS* HUMAN OF COURSE, WAS SENT THROUGH TIME TO KILL HER.
AND *ALSO* THAT THE FATHER OF HER CHILD WAS A SOLDIER, SENT TO PROTECT HER... *HE* WAS FROM THE FUTURE, TOO...
HA!
THE YEAR 2029, IF I REMEMBER CORRECTLY. LET'S MOVE ON, SHALL WE?
DOUGLAS, I DON'T LIKE THE PATIENTS DISRUPTING THEIR ROOMS LIKE THIS. SEE THAT SHE *TAKES* HER THORAZINE, WOULD YOU?
BIG FUN.
TIME TO TAKE YOUR MEDS, CONNOR.
YOU TAKE IT.
NOW YOU KNOW YOU GOT TO BE GOOD 'CAUSE YOU'RE UP FOR REVIEW THIS AFTERNOON...
I'M NOT TAKING IT. NOW I DON'T WANT ANY TROUBLE...
YOU SON OF A-- WHOOF!
AIN'T NO TROUBLE AT ALL--
LAST CALL, SUGAR.

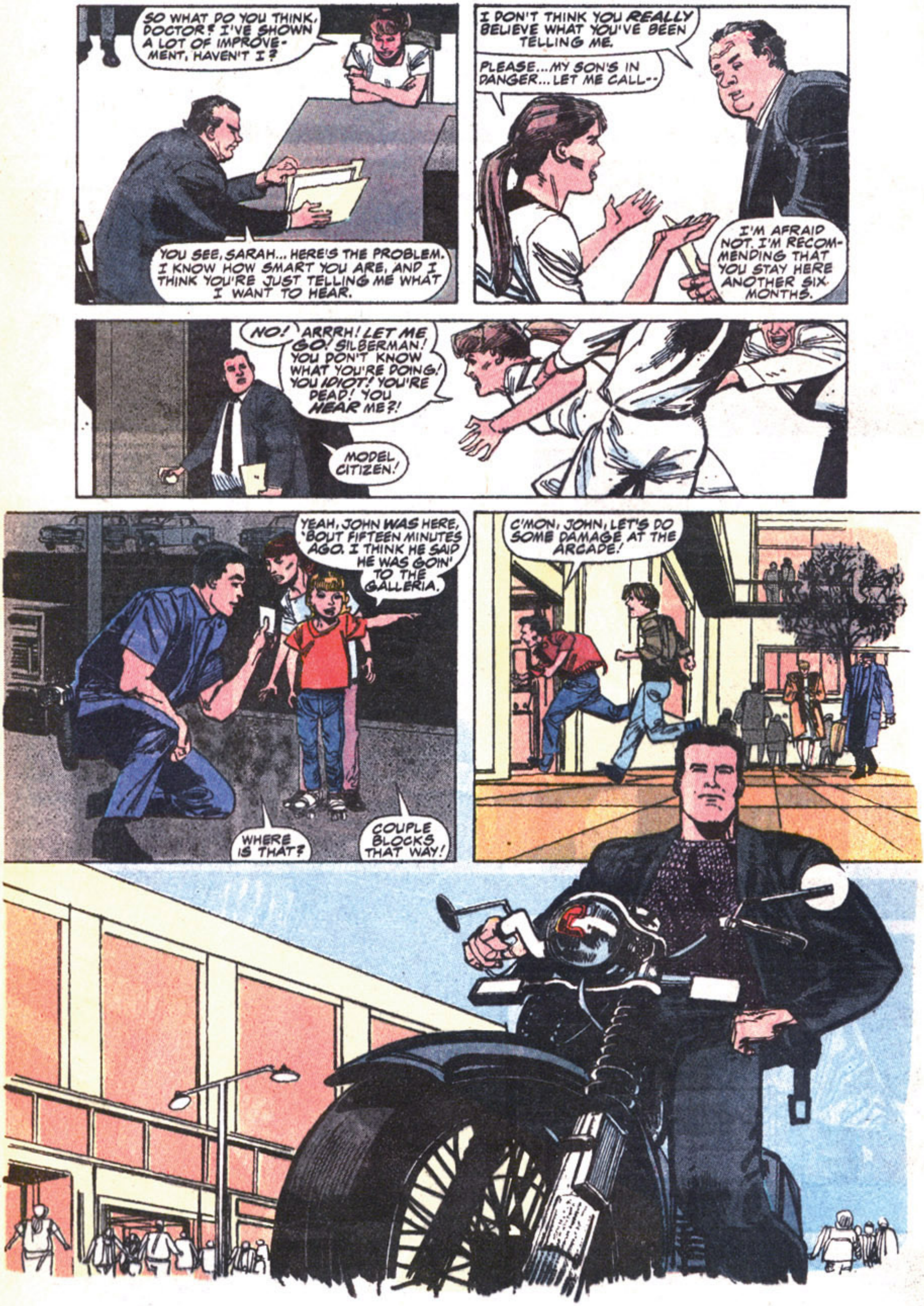

YOUR FOSTER PARENTS ARE KINDA DORKS, HUH, *JOHN?*
PUBLIC
DERAL SECURITY BANK
JOHN? I'M TALK--*WHOA!* HEY MAN, EASY ON THE TURNS...
RRRRRRRMMMM
EASY MONEY.
YOU SURE THIS'LL WORK?
NO PROBLEMO.
WHERE'D YOU LEARN ALL THIS STUFF?
FROM MY MOM. MY *REAL* MOM, I MEAN.
EXCELLENT! GOT IT! LET'S GO!
LATER.
THAT YOUR REAL MOM?
YEAH, THAT'S HER.
SO SHE'S PRETTY *COOL,* HUH?
ACTUALLY, NO. SHE'S A COMPLETE *PSYCHO*. THAT'S WHY SHE'S UP AT PESCADERO. SHE TRIED TO BLOW UP A COMPUTER FACTORY, BUT GOT SHOT AND *ARRESTED*.

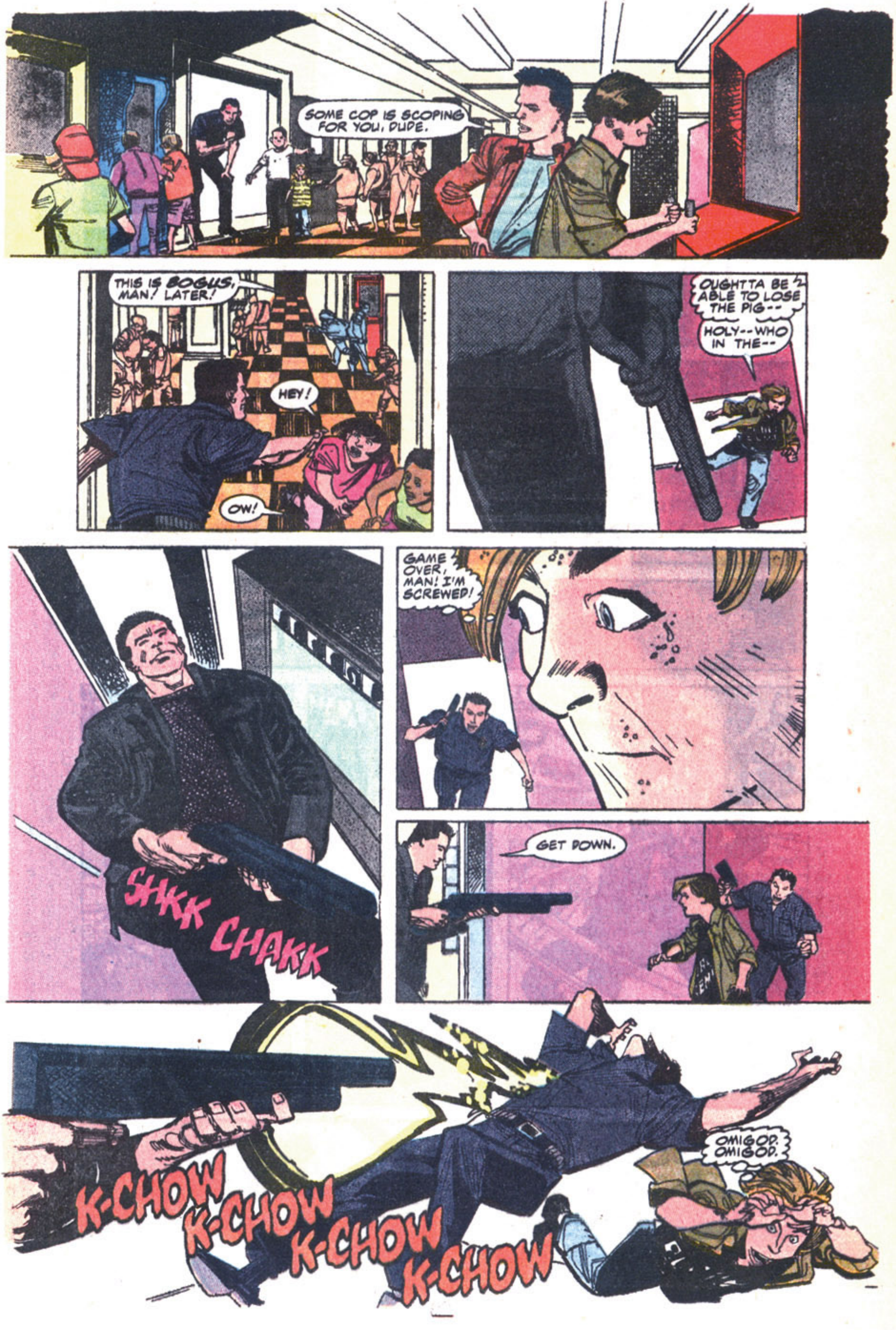


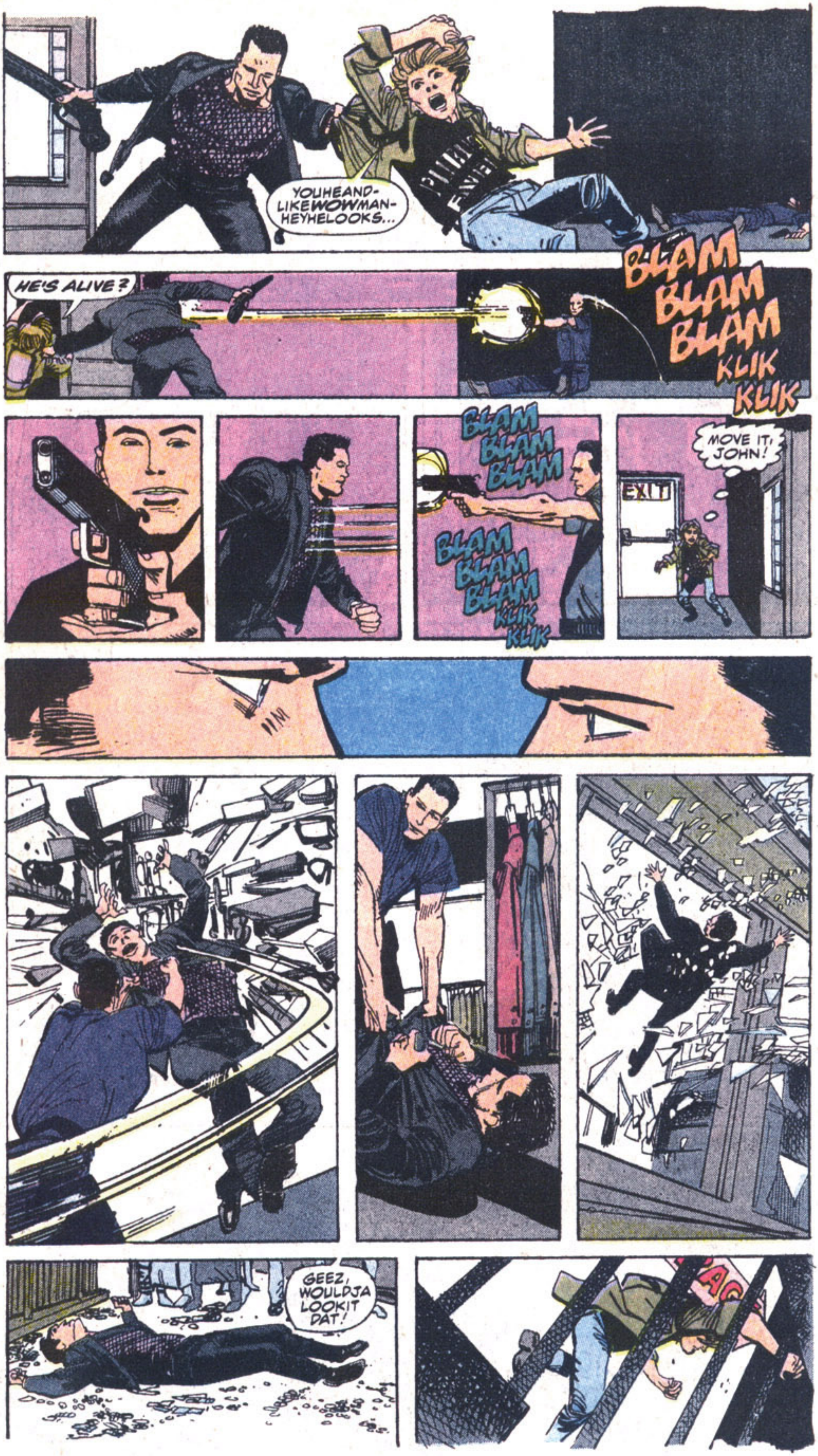
Juvenile Division
Subject: Connor, John
Theft, burglary, vandalis
Mother: Connor, Sarah
Legal Guardians: Voigh
Todd & Janelle
523 S. Almond St.,
Reseda, CA
ARE YOU THE LEGAL GUARDIAN OF JOHN CONNOR?
THAT'S RIGHT, OFFICER. WHAT'S HE DONE *NOW*?
COULD I SPEAK WITH HIM, PLEASE?
HE TOOK OFF ON HIS BIKE THIS MORNING... COULD BE *ANY*WHERE.
YOU GONNA TELL ME WHAT THIS IS ABOUT?
I JUST NEED TO ASK HIM A FEW QUESTIONS.
THERE WAS A BIG GUY ON A MOTORCYCLE HERE THIS MORNING ASKING ABOUT HIM, TOO. HAS THAT GOT SOMETHING TO DO WITH IT?
I WOULDN'T WORRY.
"DO YOU HAVE A PHOTOGRAPH OF JOHN?"
LET'S CHECK OUT THE MALL, JOHN!
"UH--YES. GET THE ALBUM, JANELLE."

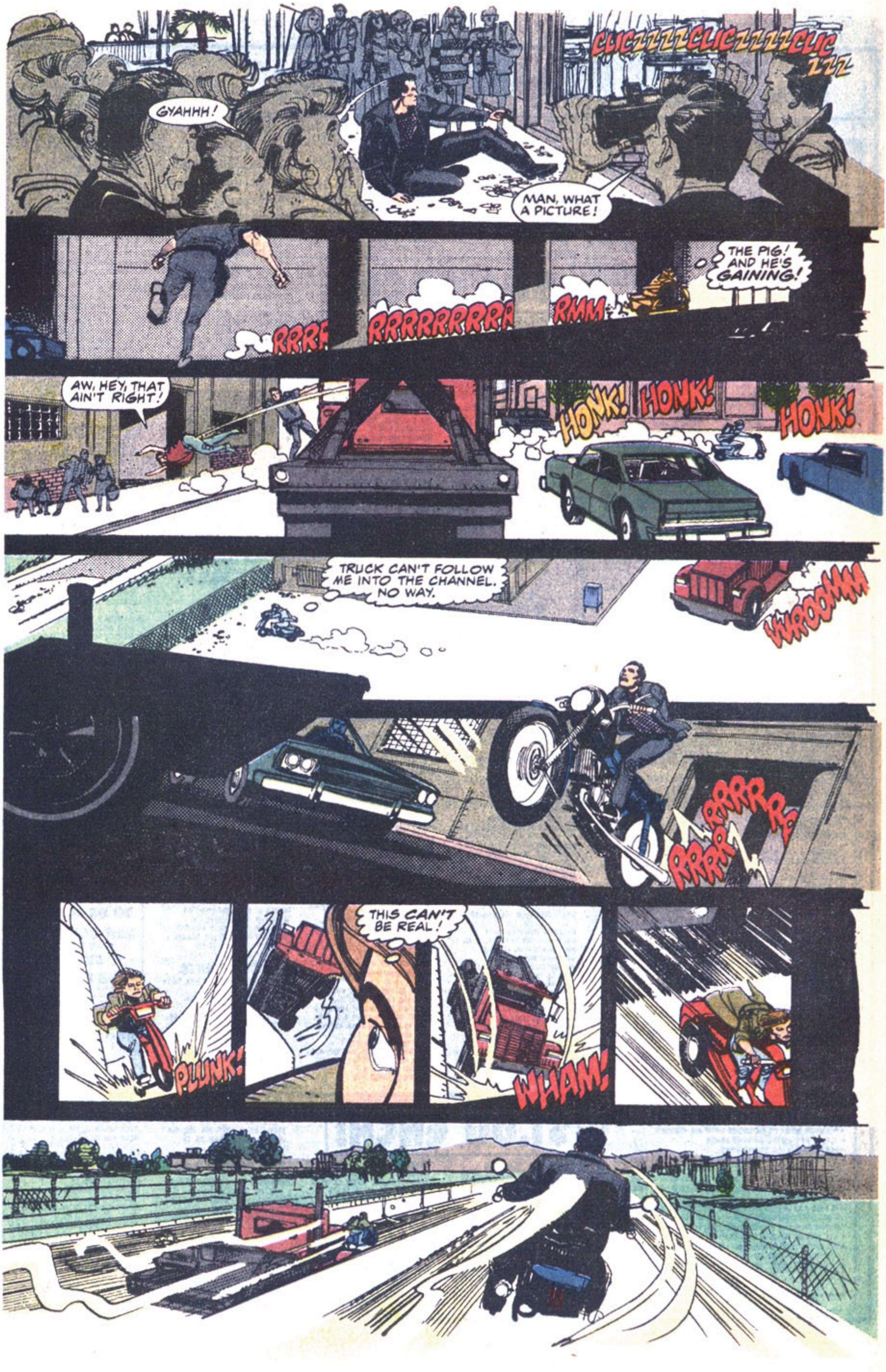

IT'S NOT JUST A DREAM, YOU MORON!
I'M SURE IT FEELS VERY REAL TO YOU--
ON AUGUST 29, 1997 IT'S GOING TO FEEL PRETTY FREAKING REAL TO YOU TOO! ANYBODY NOT WEARING NUMBER TWO MILLION SUNBLOCK IS GOING TO HAVE A REAL BAD DAY!
I WAS AFRAID... CONFUSED. I FEEL BETTER, NOW. CLEARER.
CLIK
YES. YOUR ATTITUDE HAS BEEN VERY POSITIVE LATELY.
IT HAS HELPED ME TO HAVE A GOAL.
AND WHAT IS THAT?
YOU SAID I COULD BE TRANSFERRED TO A MINIMUM SECURITY WING AND HAVE VISITORS IF I SHOWED IMPROVEMENT IN SIX MONTHS.
WELL, IT'S BEEN SIX MONTHS, AND I WAS LOOKING FORWARD TO SEEING MY SON.
I SEE. LET'S GO BACK TO WHAT YOU WERE SAYING ABOUT THESE TERMINATOR MACHINES.
NOW YOU THINK THEY DON'T EXIST?
THEY DON'T EXIST. I SEE THAT NOW.
BUT YOU'VE TOLD ME ON MANY OCCASIONS ABOUT HOW YOU CRUSHED ONE IN A HYDRAULIC PRESS!
IF I HAD, THERE WOULD HAVE BEEN SOME EVIDENCE. THEY WOULD HAVE FOUND SOMETHING IN THE FACTORY.
I SEE. SO YOU DON'T BELIEVE ANYMORE THAT THE COMPANY COVERED IT UP?
NO. I DON'T.

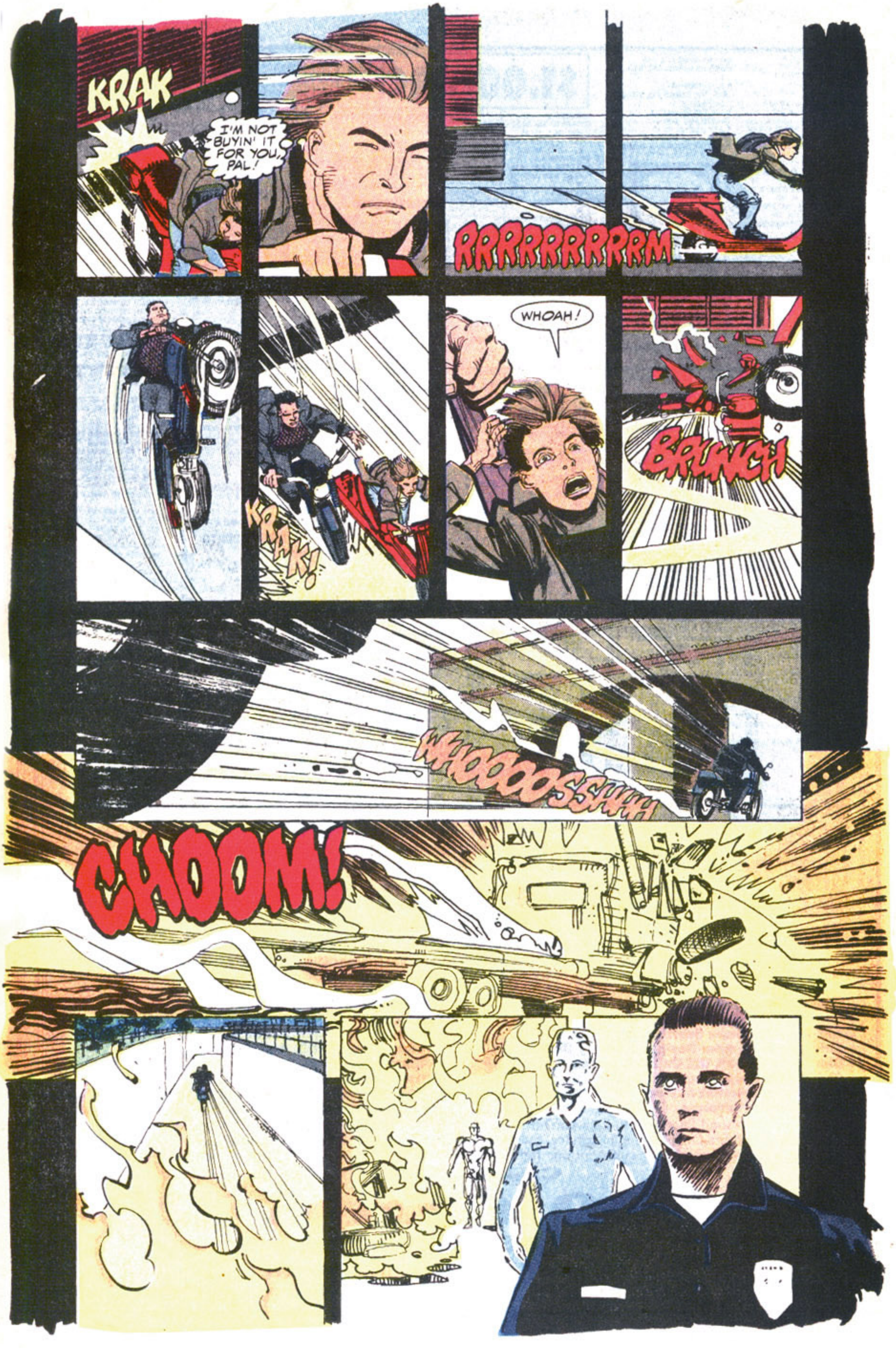

Cyberdyne Systems
GREETINGS, TROOPS.
MR. DYSON? THE MATERIALS TEAM WANTS TO RUN ANOTHER TEST ON THE UH... ON *IT*.
YUP. C'MON, I'LL GET IT.
LISTEN, MR. DYSON, I KNOW I HAVEN'T BEEN HERE THAT LONG, BUT I WAS WONDERING IF YOU COULD TELL ME... I MEAN, IF YOU KNOW...
KNOW WHAT?
WELL... WHERE *IT* CAME FROM.
I ASKED THEM THAT QUESTION ONCE. KNOW WHAT THEY TOLD ME?
DON'T ASK.
BUT I STILL WONDER...

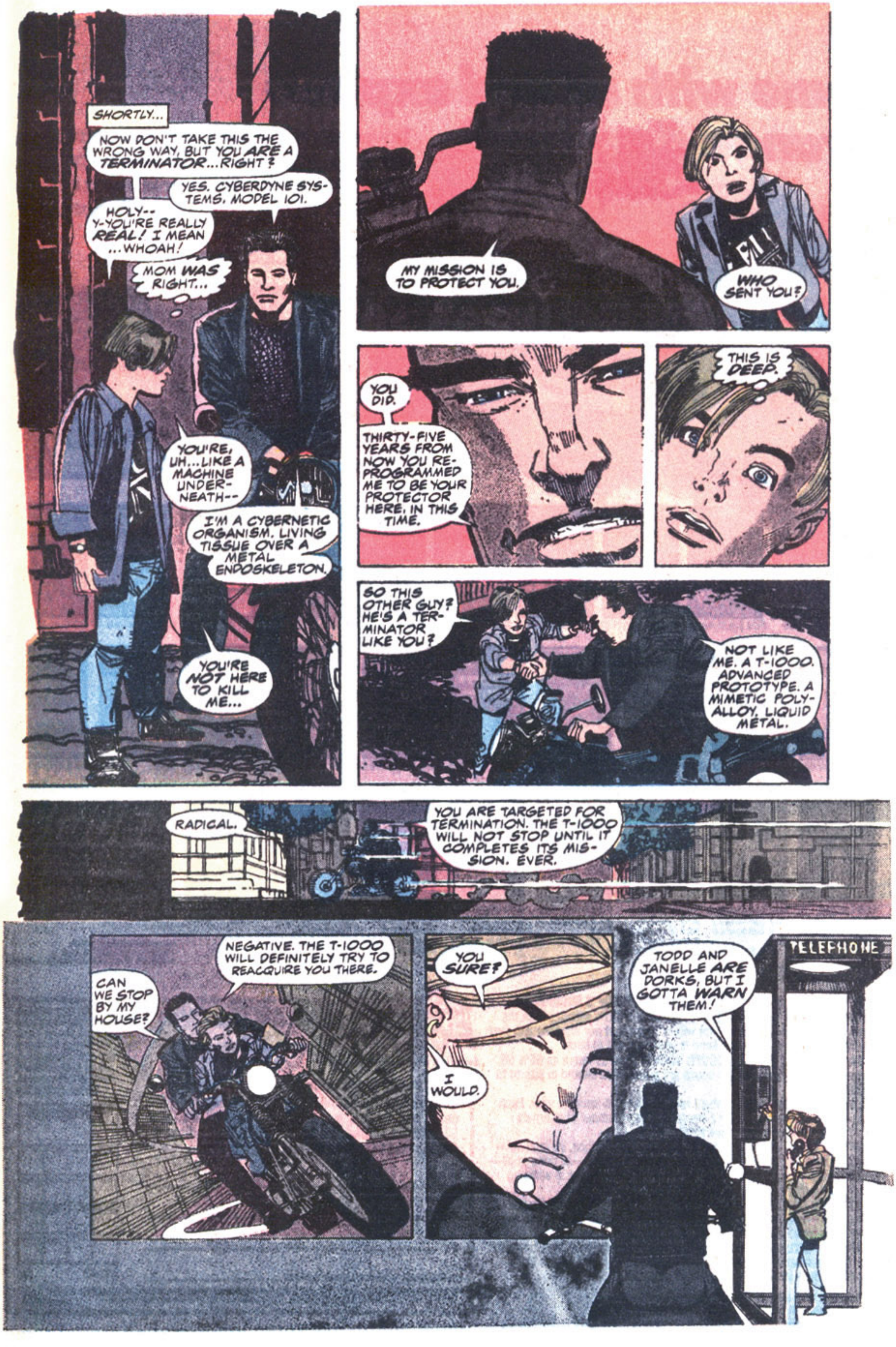

SO WHAT DO YOU THINK, DOCTOR? I'VE SHOWN A LOT OF IMPROVEMENT, HAVEN'T I?
YOU SEE, SARAH... HERE'S THE PROBLEM. I KNOW HOW SMART YOU ARE, AND I THINK YOU'RE JUST TELLING ME WHAT I WANT TO HEAR.
I DON'T THINK YOU REALLY BELIEVE WHAT YOU'VE BEEN TELLING ME.
PLEASE... MY SON'S IN DANGER... LET ME CALL--
I'M AFRAID NOT. I'M RECOMMENDING THAT YOU STAY HERE ANOTHER SIX MONTHS.
NO!
ARRRH! LET ME GO! SILBERMAN! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING! YOU IDIOT! YOU'RE DEAD! YOU HEAR ME?!
MODEL CITIZEN!
YEAH, JOHN WAS HERE, 'BOUT FIFTEEN MINUTES AGO. I THINK HE SAID HE WAS GOIN' TO THE GALLERIA.
WHERE IS THAT?
COUPLE BLOCKS THAT WAY!
C'MON, JOHN, LET'S DO SOME DAMAGE AT THE ARCADE!

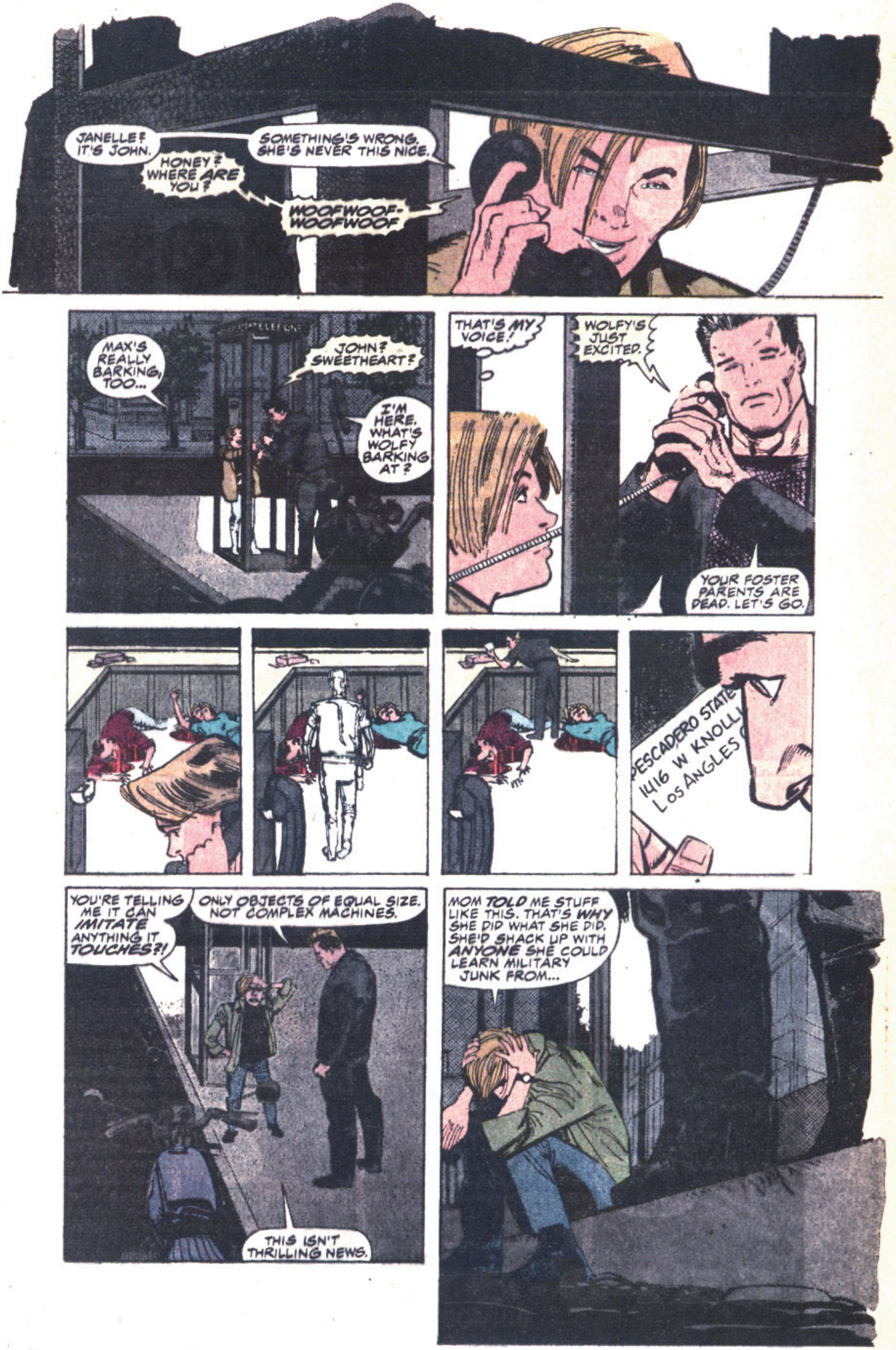

SOME COP IS SCOPING FOR YOU, DUDE.
THIS IS *BOGUS,* MAN! LATER!
HEY!
OW!
OUGHTTA BE ABLE TO LOSE THE PIG--
HOLY--WHO IN THE--
SHKK CHAKK
GAME OVER, MAN! I'M SCREWED!
GET DOWN.
K-CHOW K-CHOW K-CHOW K-CHOW
OMIGOD. OMIGOD.

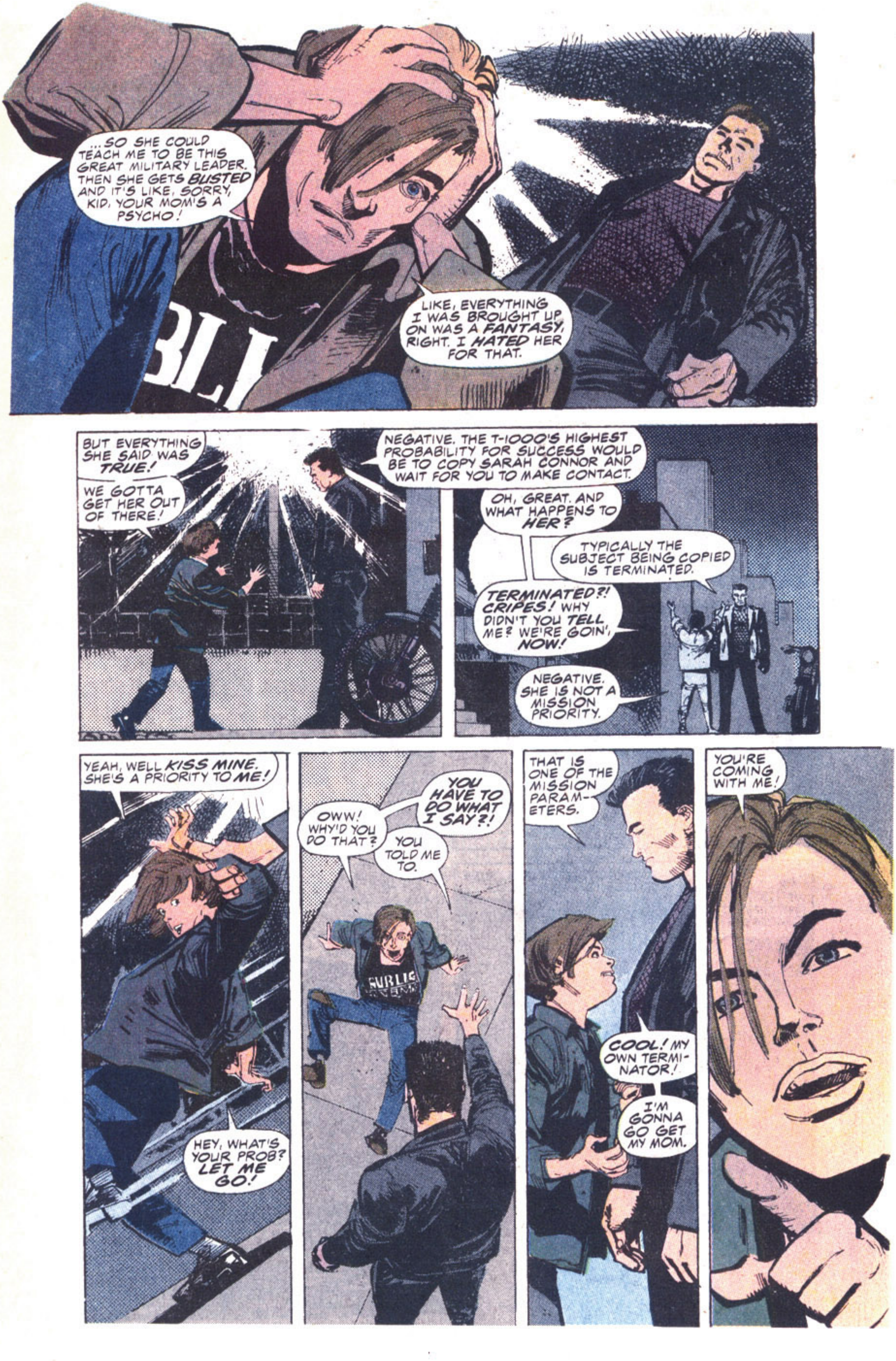

YOUHEAND-LIKEWOWMAN-HEYHELOOKS...
HE'S ALIVE?
BLAM BLAM BLAM KLIK KLIK
BLAM BLAM BLAM
BLAM BLAM BLAM KLIK KLIK
MOVE IT, JOHN!
EXIT
GEEZ, WOULDJA LOOKIT DAT!

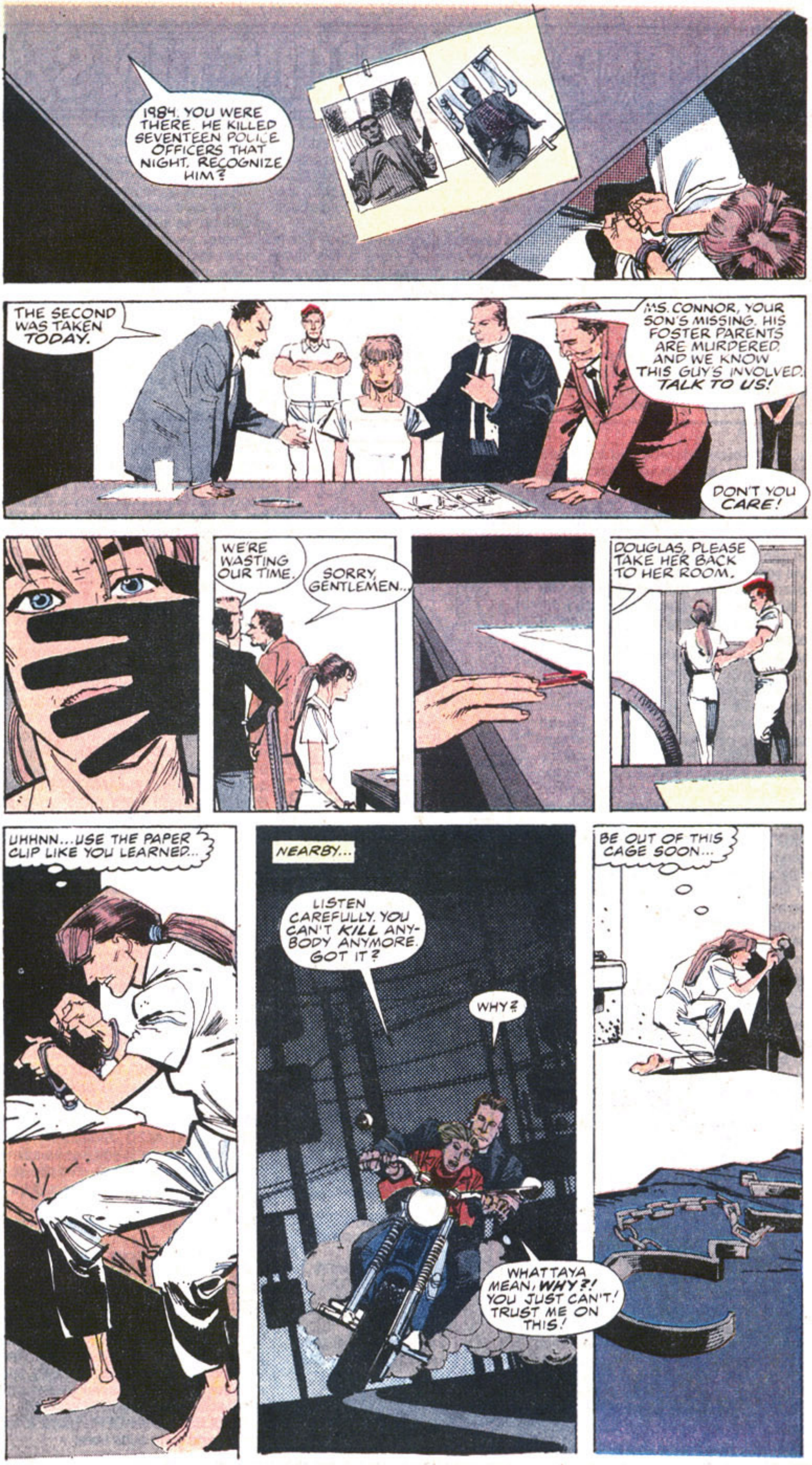

GYAHHH!
CLICZZZZCLICZZZZCLIC ZZZ
MAN, WHAT A PICTURE!
RRRR
RRRRRRRRRR
RMM
THE PIG! AND HE'S GAINING!
AW, HEY, THAT AIN'T RIGHT!
HONK! HONK!
HONK!
TRUCK CAN'T FOLLOW ME INTO THE CHANNEL. NO WAY.
WROOMM
RRRRRR
RRRR
PLUNK!
THIS CAN'T BE REAL!
WHAM!

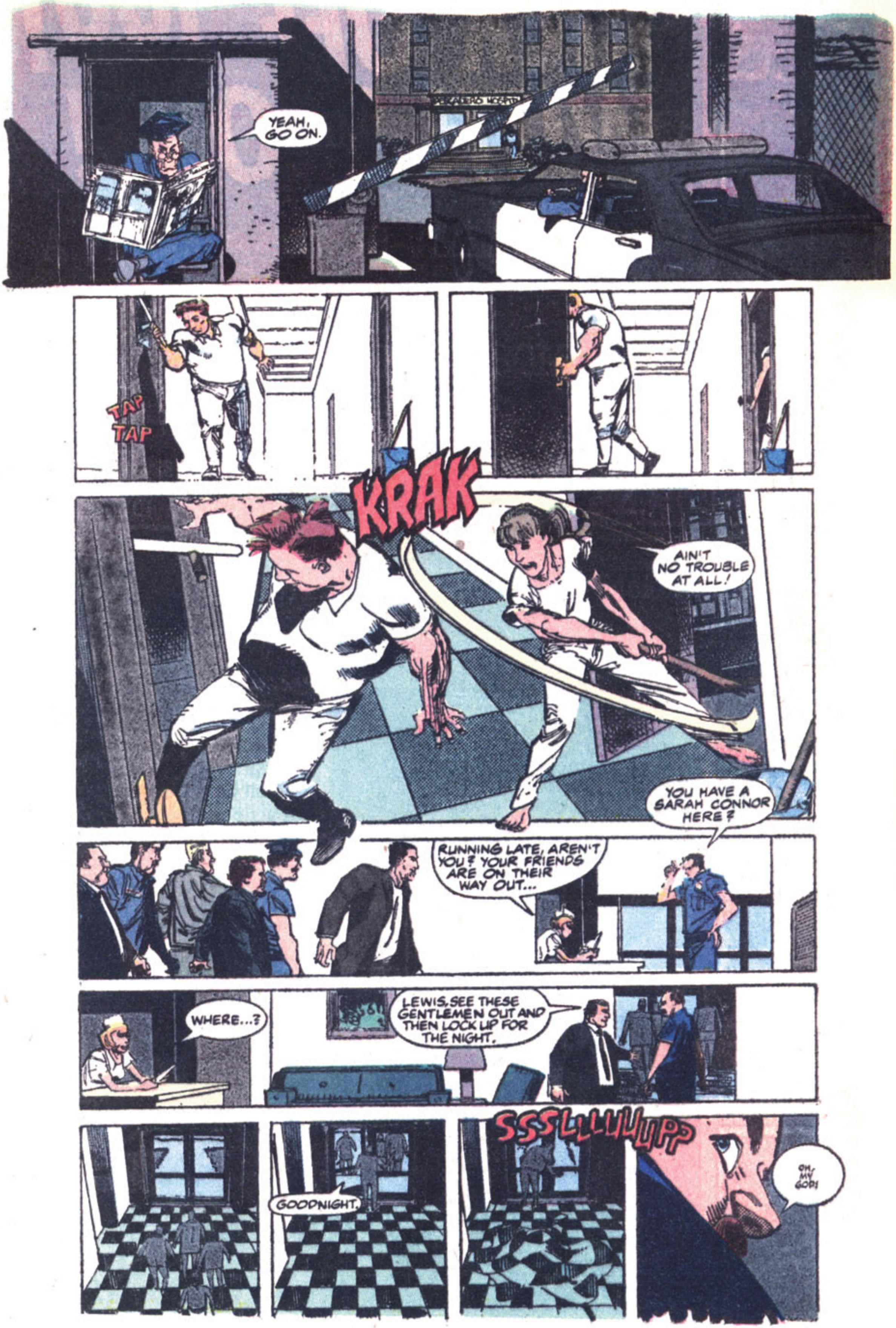

KRAK
I'M NOT BUYIN' IT FOR YOU, PAL!
RRRRRRRRRM
KRAK!
WHOAH!
BRUNCH
WHOOOOSSHHH
CHOOM!

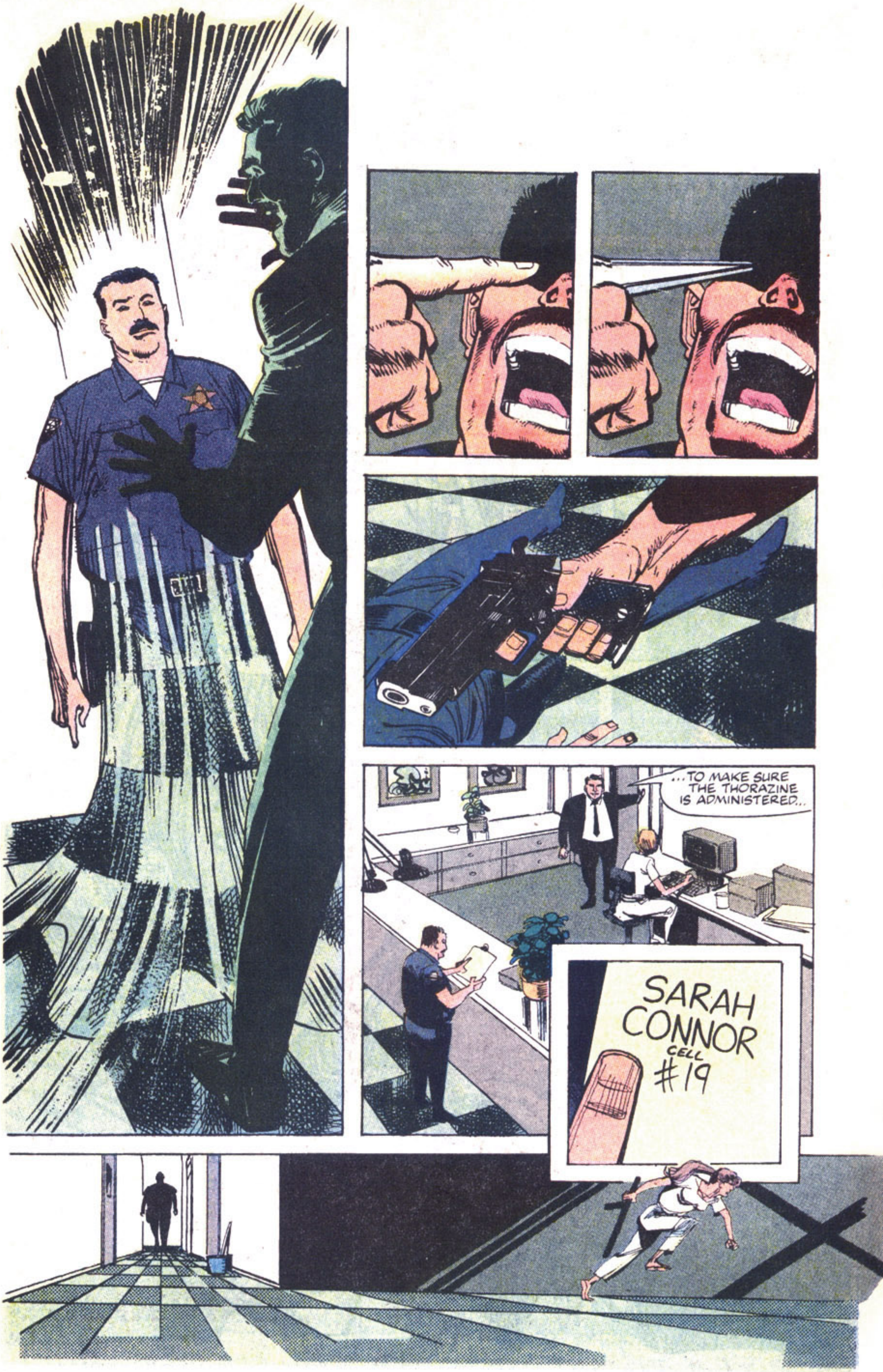

SHORTLY...
NOW DON'T TAKE THIS THE WRONG WAY, BUT YOU *ARE* A *TERMINATOR*...RIGHT?
YES. CYBERDYNE SYSTEMS. MODEL 101.
HOLY-- Y-YOU'RE REALLY *REAL!* I MEAN ...WHOAH!
MOM *WAS* RIGHT...
YOU'RE, UH...LIKE A MACHINE UNDERNEATH--
I'M A CYBERNETIC ORGANISM. LIVING TISSUE OVER A METAL ENDOSKELETON.
YOU'RE *NOT* HERE TO KILL ME...
MY MISSION IS TO PROTECT YOU.
WHO SENT YOU?
YOU DID.
THIRTY-FIVE YEARS FROM NOW YOU REPROGRAMMED ME TO BE YOUR PROTECTOR HERE, IN THIS TIME.
THIS IS *DEEP.*
SO THIS OTHER GUY? HE'S A TERMINATOR LIKE YOU?
NOT LIKE ME. A T-1000. ADVANCED PROTOTYPE. A MIMETIC POLY-ALLOY. LIQUID METAL.
RADICAL.
YOU ARE TARGETED FOR TERMINATION. THE T-1000 WILL NOT STOP UNTIL IT COMPLETES ITS MISSION. EVER.
CAN WE STOP BY MY HOUSE?
NEGATIVE. THE T-1000 WILL DEFINITELY TRY TO REACQUIRE YOU THERE.
YOU *SURE?*
I WOULD.
TELEPHONE
TODD AND JANELLE *ARE* DORKS, BUT I GOTTA *WARN* THEM!

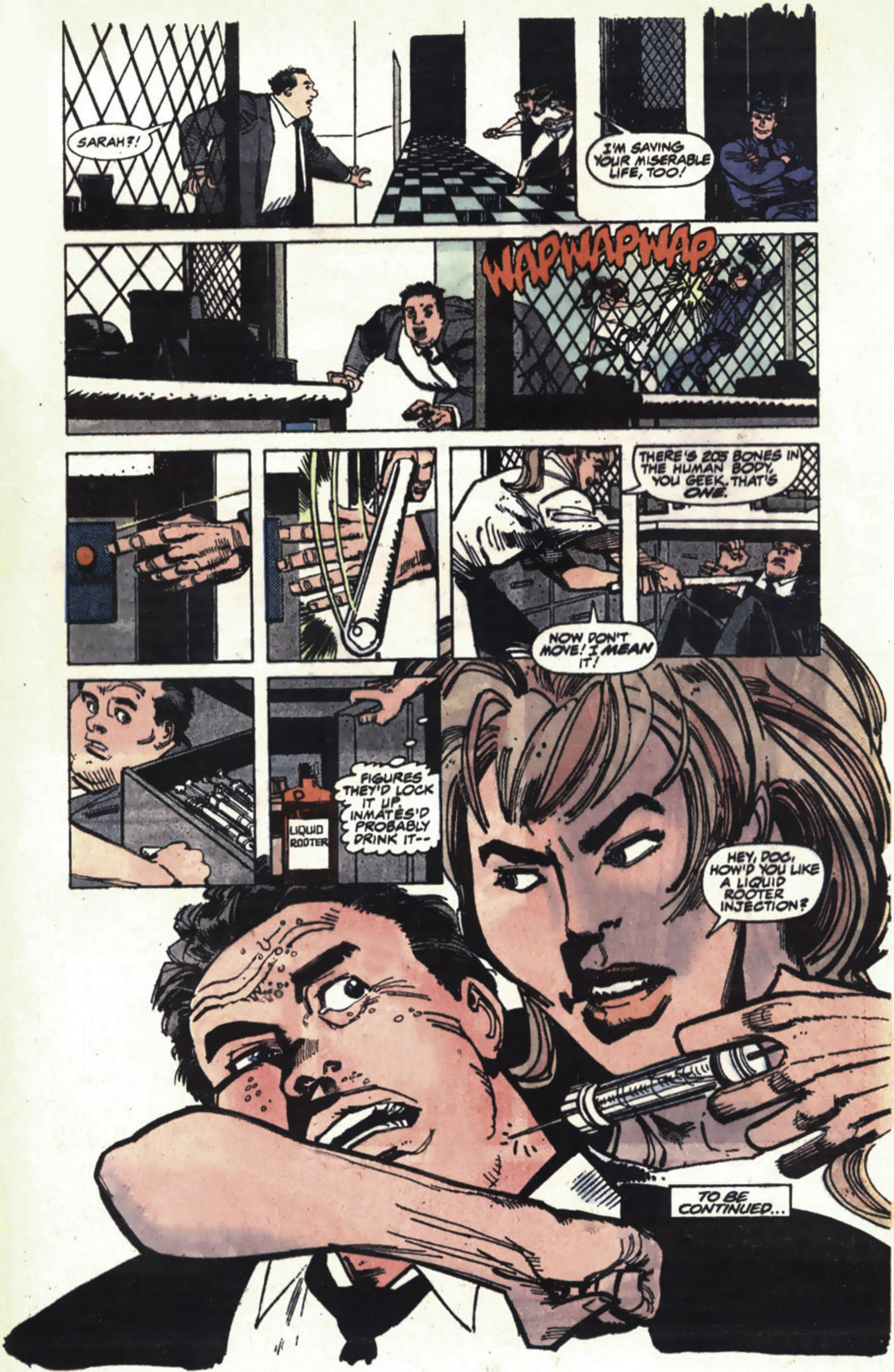

JANELLE? IT'S JOHN.
SOMETHING'S WRONG. SHE'S NEVER THIS NICE.
HONEY? WHERE ARE YOU?
WOOFWOOF-WOOFWOOF
TELEFONE
MAX'S REALLY BARKING, TOO...
JOHN? SWEETHEART?
I'M HERE. WHAT'S WOLFY BARKING AT?
THAT'S MY VOICE!
WOLFY'S JUST EXCITED.
YOUR FOSTER PARENTS ARE DEAD. LET'S GO.
PESCADERO STATE
1416 W KNOLL
Los Angles
YOU'RE TELLING ME IT CAN IMITATE ANYTHING IT TOUCHES?!
ONLY OBJECTS OF EQUAL SIZE. NOT COMPLEX MACHINES.
THIS ISN'T THRILLING NEWS.
MOM TOLD ME STUFF LIKE THIS. THAT'S WHY SHE DID WHAT SHE DID. SHE'D SHACK UP WITH ANYONE SHE COULD LEARN MILITARY JUNK FROM...

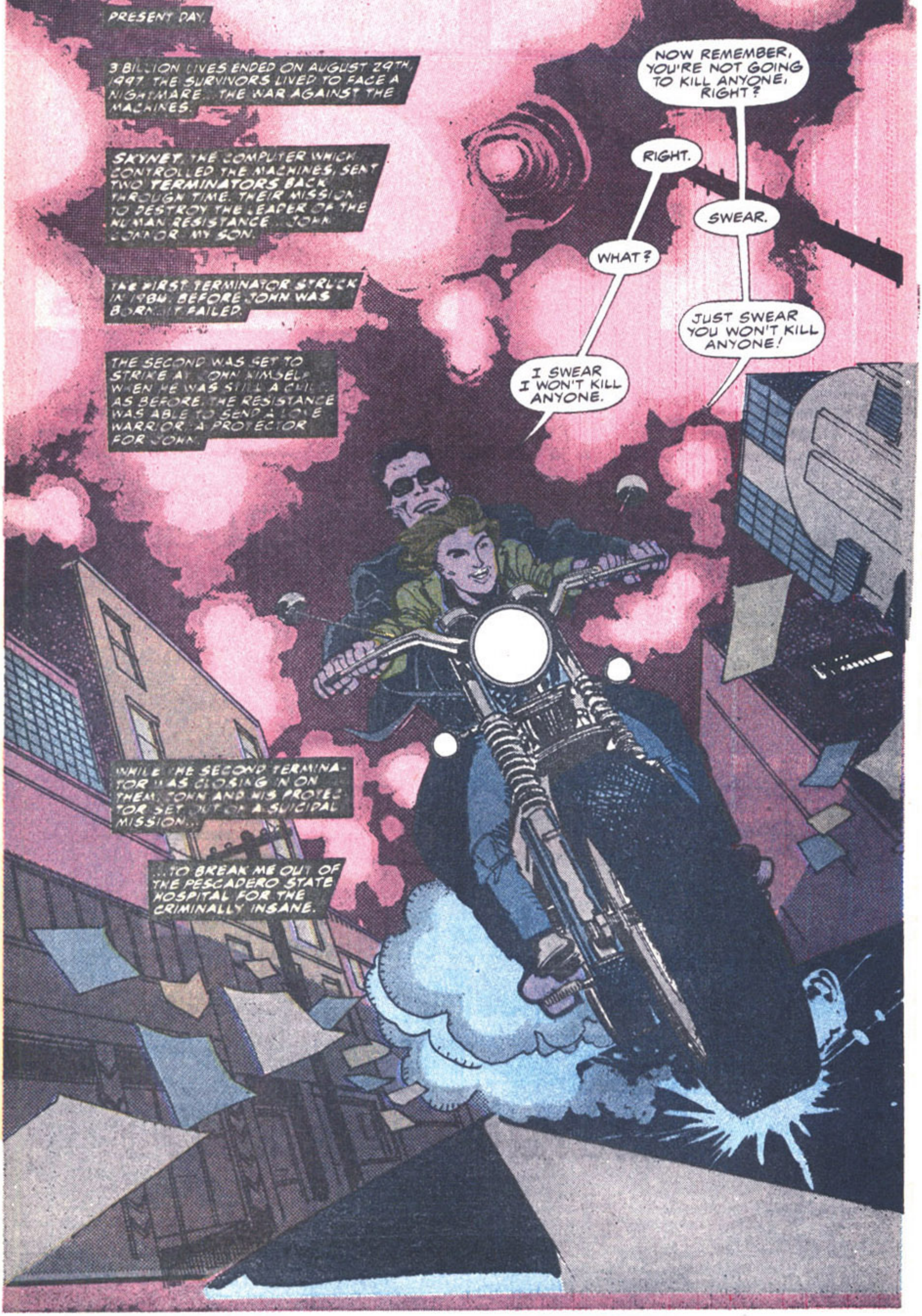

...SO SHE COULD TEACH ME TO BE THIS GREAT MILITARY LEADER. THEN SHE GETS BUSTED AND IT'S LIKE, SORRY, KID, YOUR MOM'S A PSYCHO!
LIKE, EVERYTHING I WAS BROUGHT UP ON WAS A FANTASY, RIGHT. I HATED HER FOR THAT.
BUT EVERYTHING SHE SAID WAS TRUE!
WE GOTTA GET HER OUT OF THERE!
NEGATIVE. THE T-1000'S HIGHEST PROBABILITY FOR SUCCESS WOULD BE TO COPY SARAH CONNOR AND WAIT FOR YOU TO MAKE CONTACT.
OH, GREAT. AND WHAT HAPPENS TO HER?
TYPICALLY THE SUBJECT BEING COPIED IS TERMINATED.
TERMINATED?! CRIPES! WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME? WE'RE GOIN', NOW!
NEGATIVE. SHE IS NOT A MISSION PRIORITY.
YEAH, WELL KISS MINE. SHE'S A PRIORITY TO ME!
HEY, WHAT'S YOUR PROB? LET ME GO!
OWW! WHY'D YOU DO THAT?
YOU TOLD ME TO.
YOU HAVE TO DO WHAT I SAY?!
THAT IS ONE OF THE MISSION PARAMETERS.
COOL! MY OWN TERMINATOR!
I'M GONNA GO GET MY MOM.
YOU'RE COMING WITH ME!

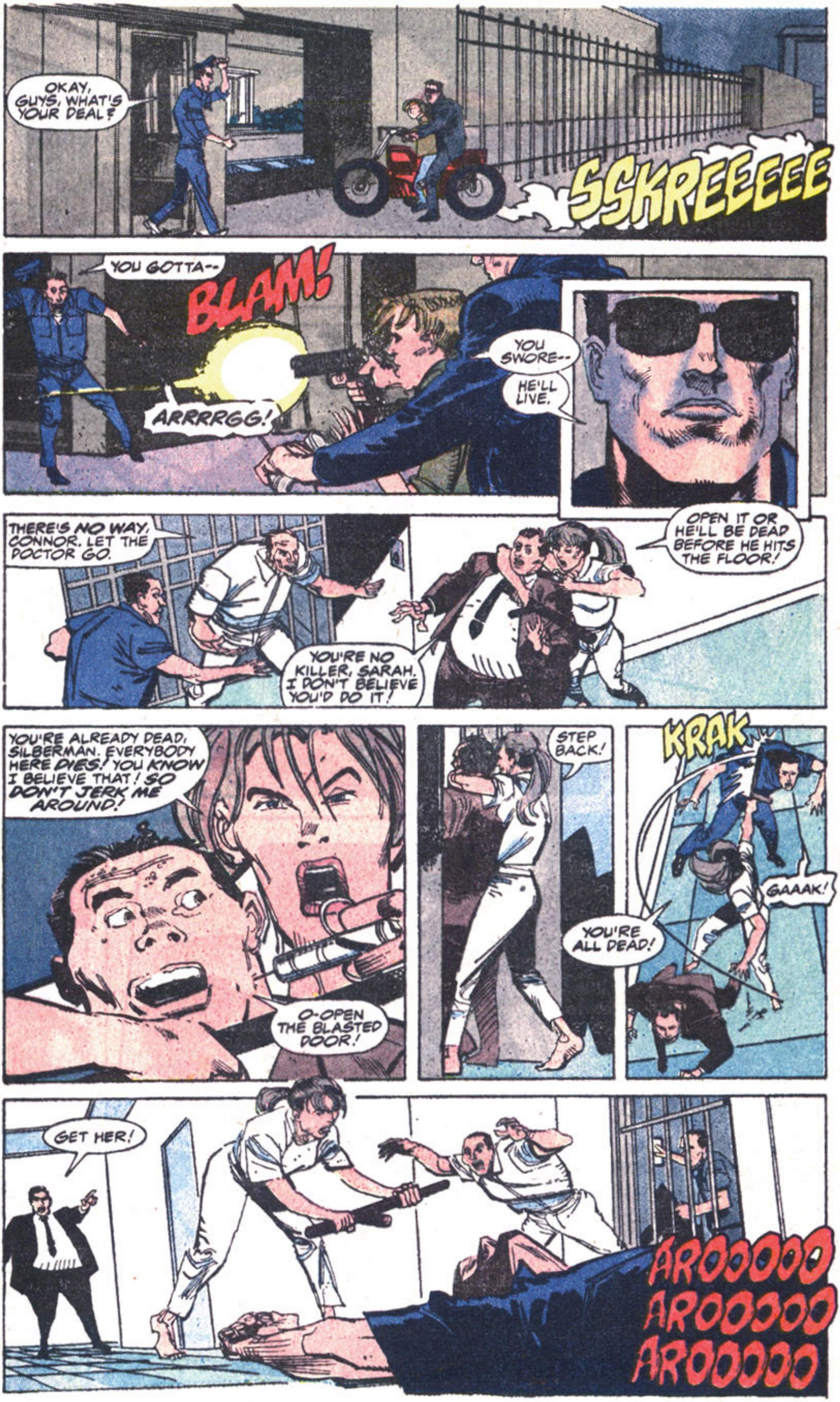

1984. YOU WERE THERE. HE KILLED SEVENTEEN POLICE OFFICERS THAT NIGHT. RECOGNIZE HIM?
THE SECOND WAS TAKEN *TODAY.*
MS. CONNOR, YOUR SON'S MISSING. HIS FOSTER PARENTS ARE MURDERED, AND WE KNOW THIS GUY'S INVOLVED. *TALK TO US!*
DON'T YOU *CARE!*
WE'RE WASTING OUR TIME.
SORRY, GENTLEMEN...
DOUGLAS, PLEASE TAKE HER BACK TO HER ROOM.
UHHNN... USE THE PAPER CLIP LIKE YOU LEARNED...
NEARBY...
LISTEN CAREFULLY. YOU CAN'T *KILL* ANYBODY ANYMORE. GOT IT?
WHY?
WHATTAYA MEAN, *WHY?!* YOU JUST CAN'T! TRUST ME ON THIS!
BE OUT OF THIS CAGE SOON...

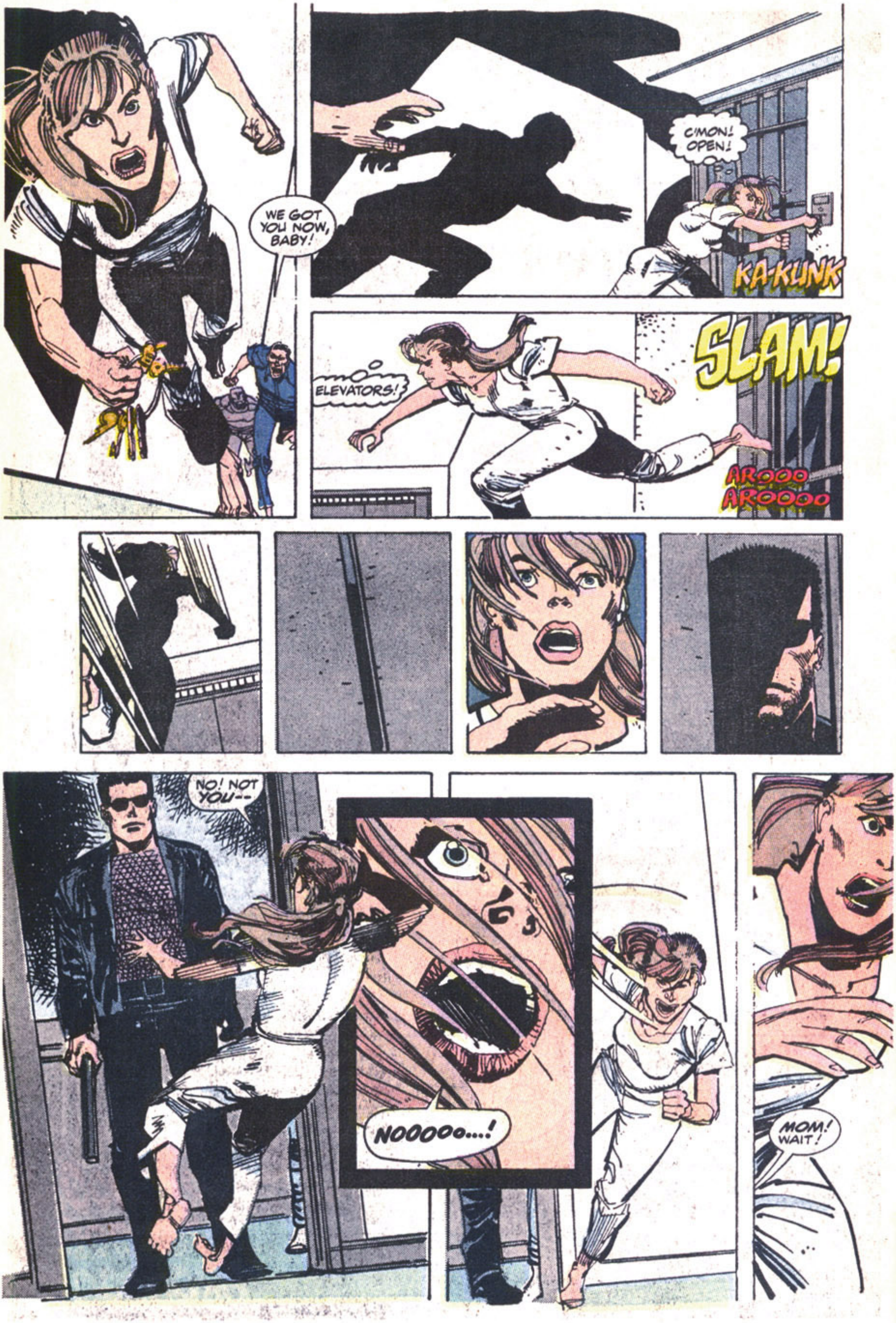

YEAH, GO ON.
TAP TAP
KRAK
AIN'T NO TROUBLE AT ALL!
YOU HAVE A SARAH CONNOR HERE?
RUNNING LATE, AREN'T YOU? YOUR FRIENDS ARE ON THEIR WAY OUT...
WHERE...?
LEWIS, SEE THESE GENTLEMEN OUT AND THEN LOCK UP FOR THE NIGHT.
GOODNIGHT.
SSSLLLLUUUPP
OH, MY GOD!

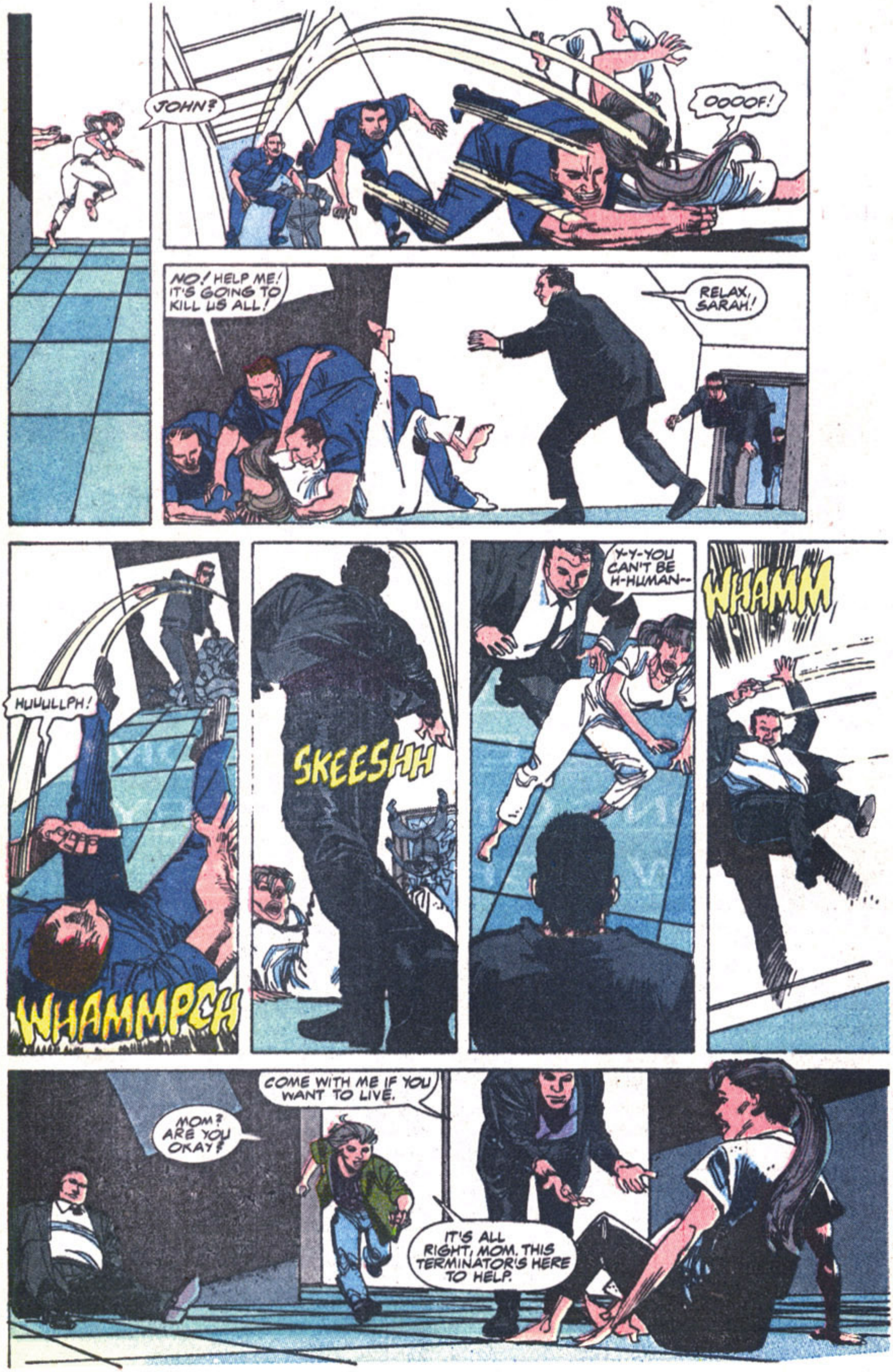

...TO MAKE SURE THE THORAZINE IS ADMINISTERED...
SARAH CONNOR CELL #19

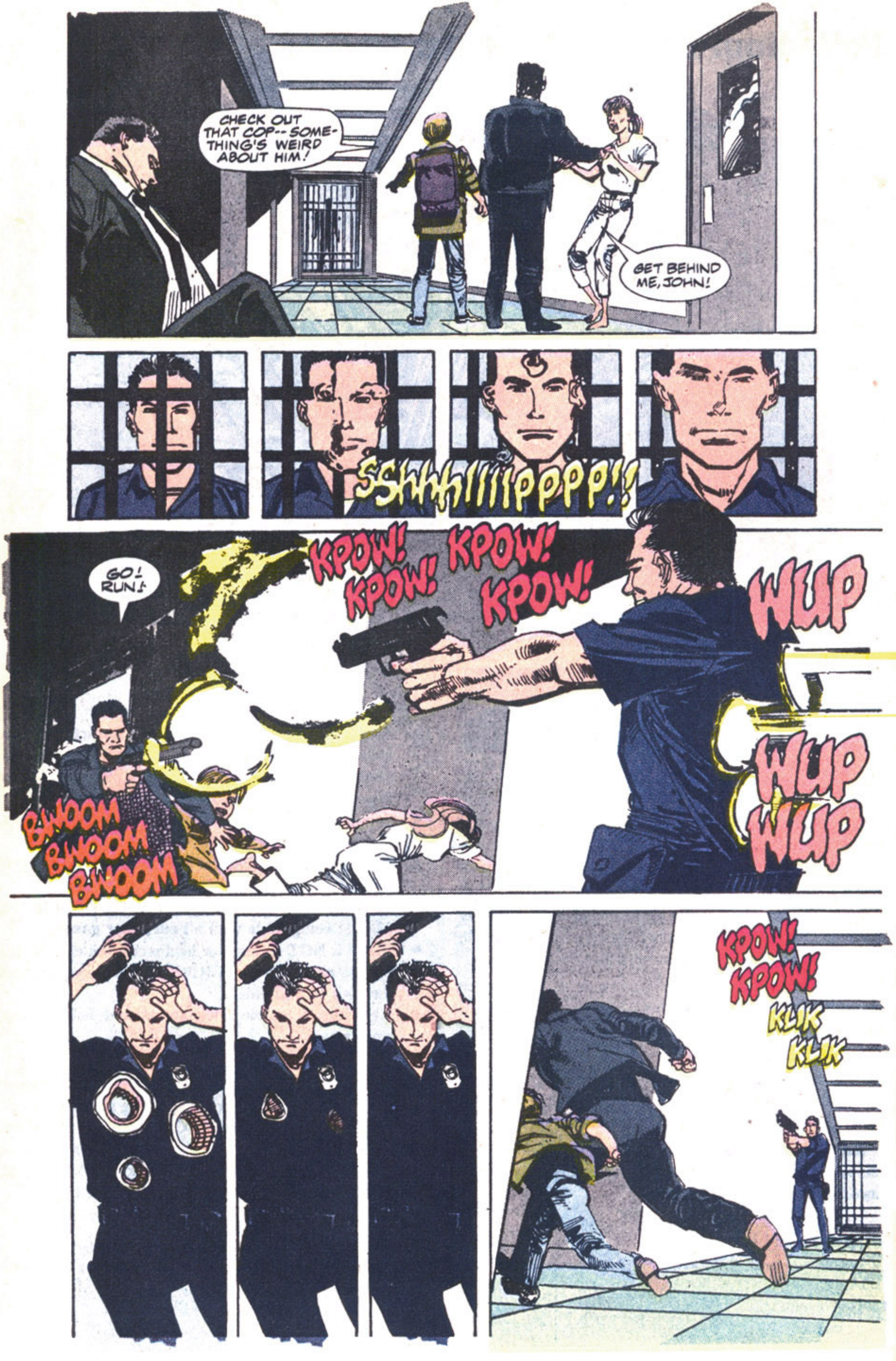

SARAH?!
I'M SAVING YOUR MISERABLE LIFE, TOO!
WAPWAPWAP
THERE'S 205 BONES IN THE HUMAN BODY, YOU GEEK. THAT'S ONE.
NOW DON'T MOVE! I MEAN IT!
FIGURES THEY'D LOCK IT UP. INMATES'D PROBABLY DRINK IT--
LIQUID ROOTER
HEY, DOC, HOW'D YOU LIKE A LIQUID ROOTER INJECTION?
TO BE CONTINUED...

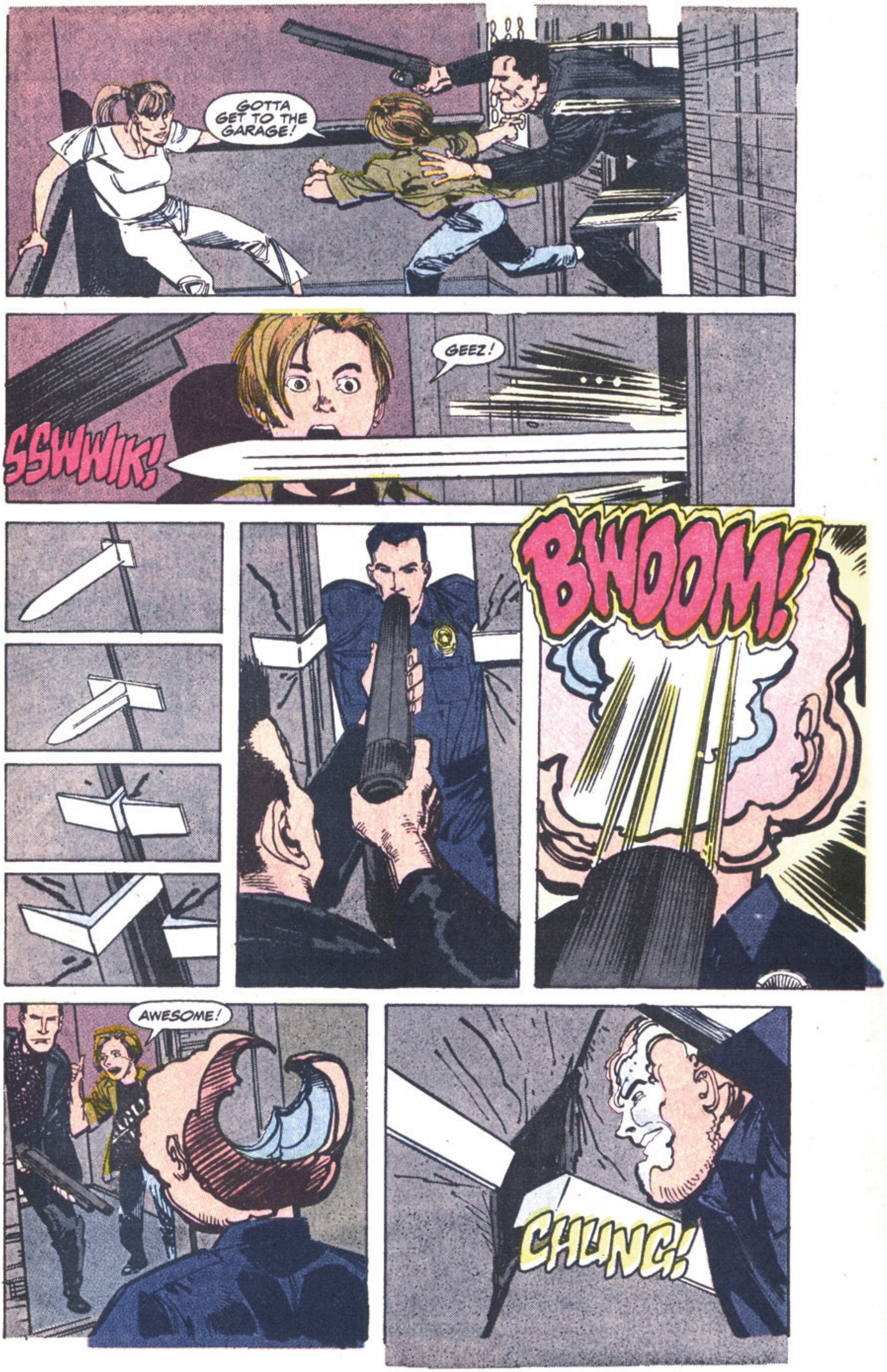

PRESENT DAY.
3 BILLION LIVES ENDED ON AUGUST 29TH, 1997. THE SURVIVORS LIVED TO FACE A NIGHTMARE... THE WAR AGAINST THE MACHINES.
SKYNET, THE COMPUTER WHICH CONTROLLED THE MACHINES, SENT TWO TERMINATORS BACK THROUGH TIME. THEIR MISSION: TO DESTROY THE LEADER OF THE HUMAN RESISTANCE... JOHN CONNOR. MY SON.
THE FIRST TERMINATOR STRUCK IN 1984, BEFORE JOHN WAS BORN... IT FAILED.
THE SECOND WAS SET TO STRIKE AT JOHN HIMSELF WHEN HE WAS STILL A CHILD. AS BEFORE, THE RESISTANCE WAS ABLE TO SEND A LONE WARRIOR: A PROTECTOR FOR JOHN.
NOW REMEMBER, YOU'RE NOT GOING TO KILL ANYONE, RIGHT?
RIGHT.
SWEAR.
WHAT?
JUST SWEAR YOU WON'T KILL ANYONE!
I SWEAR I WON'T KILL ANYONE.
WHILE THE SECOND TERMINATOR WAS CLOSING IN ON THEM, JOHN AND HIS PROTECTOR SET OUT ON A SUICIDAL MISSION...
...TO BREAK ME OUT OF THE PESCADERO STATE HOSPITAL FOR THE CRIMINALLY INSANE.

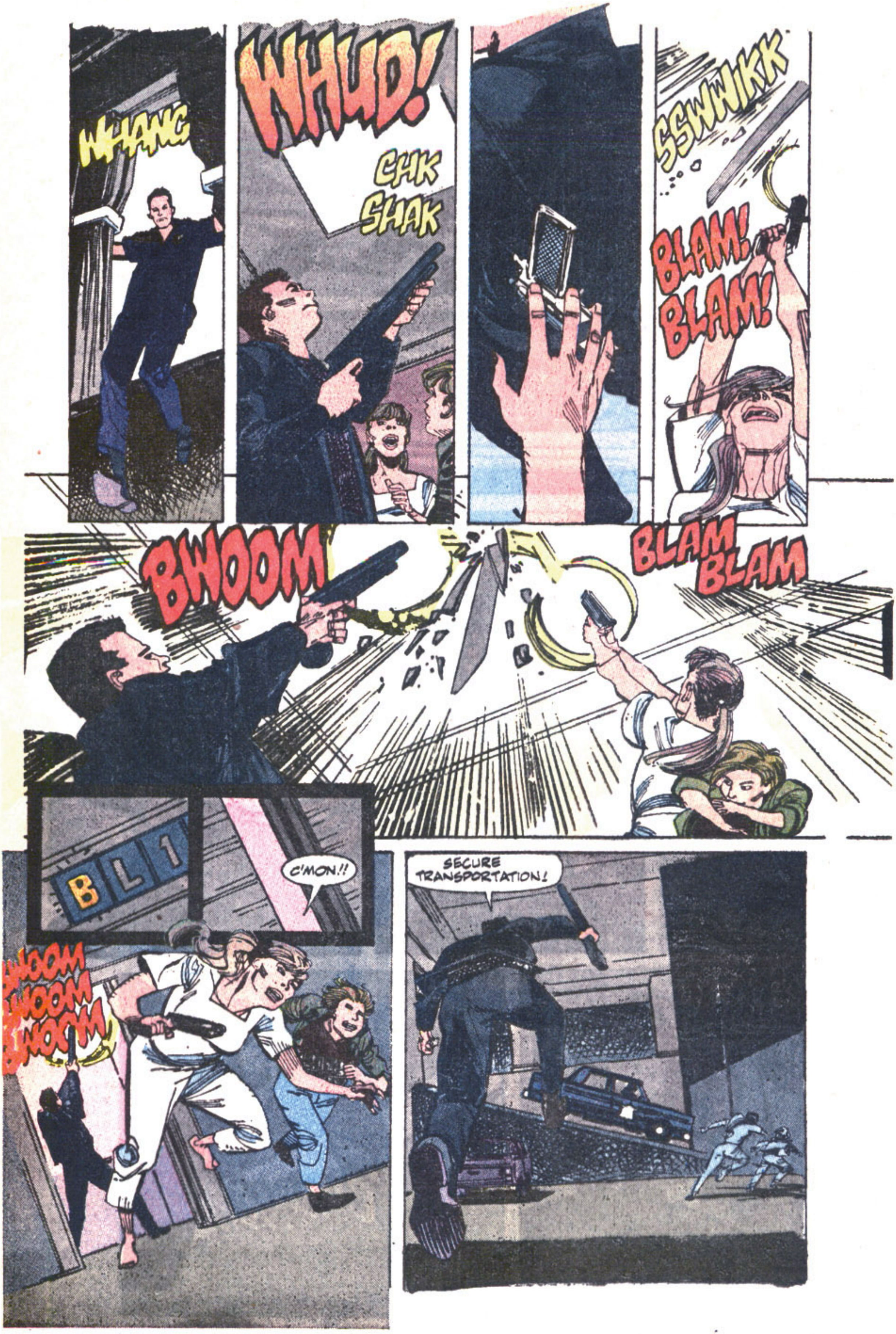

OKAY, GUYS, WHAT'S YOUR DEAL?
SSKREEEEE
YOU GOTTA--
BLAM!
ARRRRGG!
YOU SWORE--
HE'LL LIVE.
THERE'S NO WAY, CONNOR. LET THE DOCTOR GO.
OPEN IT OR HE'LL BE DEAD BEFORE HE HITS THE FLOOR!
YOU'RE NO KILLER, SARAH. I DON'T BELIEVE YOU'D DO IT!
YOU'RE ALREADY DEAD, SILBERMAN. EVERYBODY HERE DIES! YOU KNOW I BELIEVE THAT! SO DON'T JERK ME AROUND!
O-OPEN THE BLASTED DOOR!
STEP BACK!
KRAK
GAAAK!
YOU'RE ALL DEAD!
GET HER!
AROOOOO AROOOOO AROOOOO

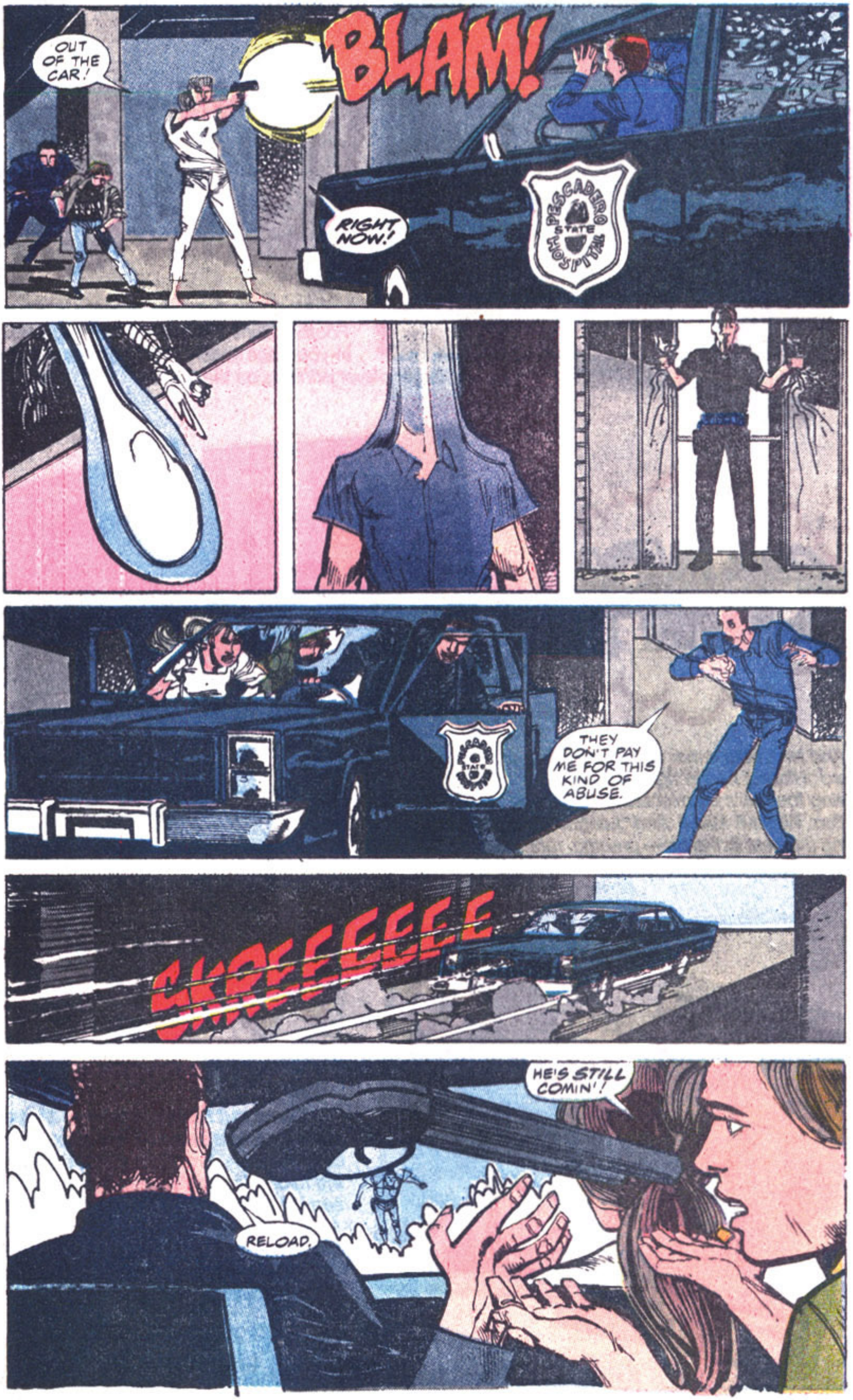

WE GOT YOU NOW, BABY!
C'MON! OPEN!
KA-KLUNK
ELEVATORS!
SLAM!
AROOO AROOOO
NO! NOT YOU--
NOOOOO...!
MOM! WAIT!

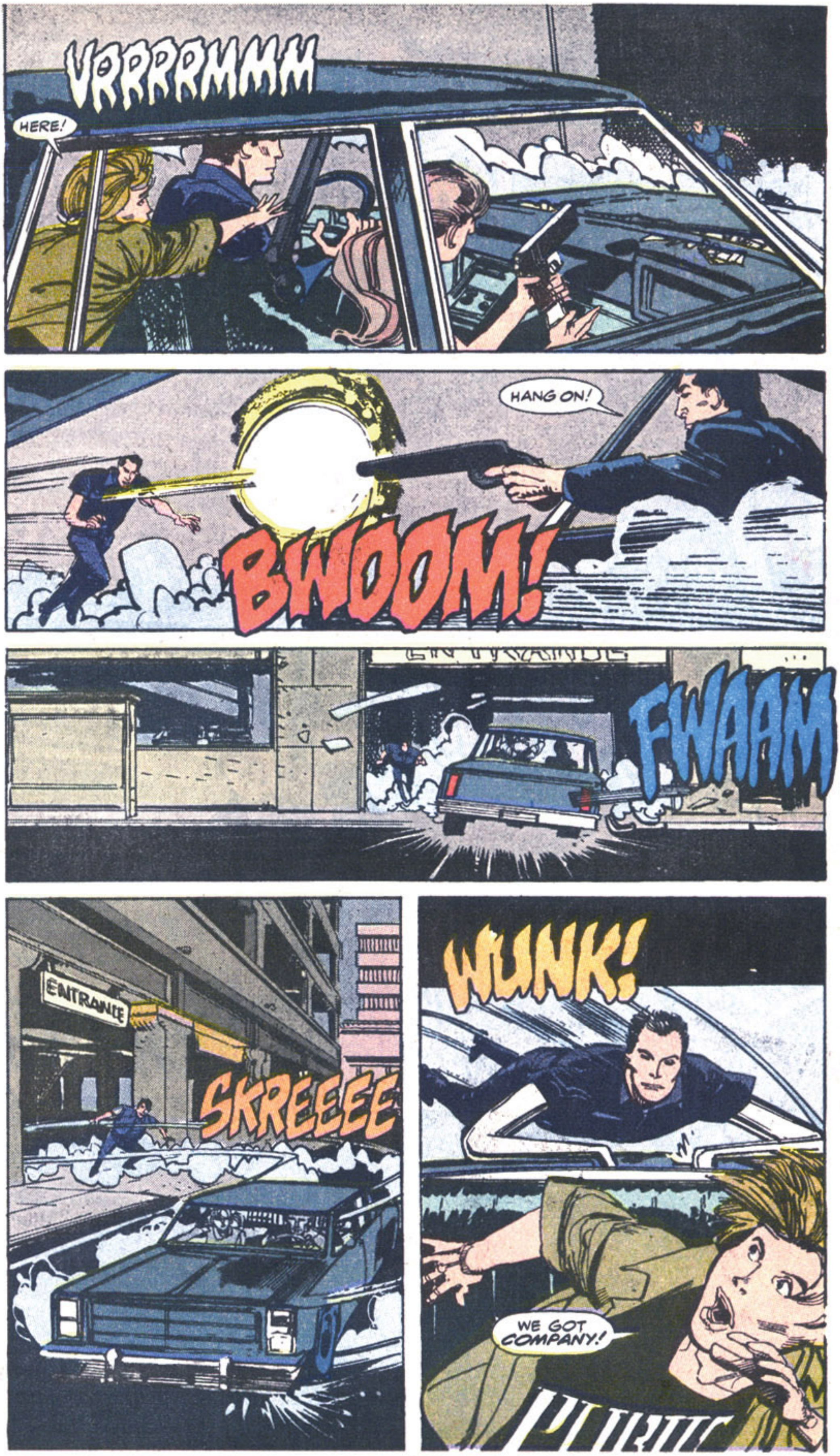

JOHN?
OOOOF!
NO! HELP ME! IT'S GOING TO KILL US ALL!
RELAX, SARAH!
HUUULLPH!
WHAMMPCH
SKEESHH
Y-Y-YOU CAN'T BE H-HUMAN--
WHAMM
COME WITH ME IF YOU WANT TO LIVE.
MOM? ARE YOU OKAY?
IT'S ALL RIGHT, MOM. THIS TERMINATOR'S HERE TO HELP.

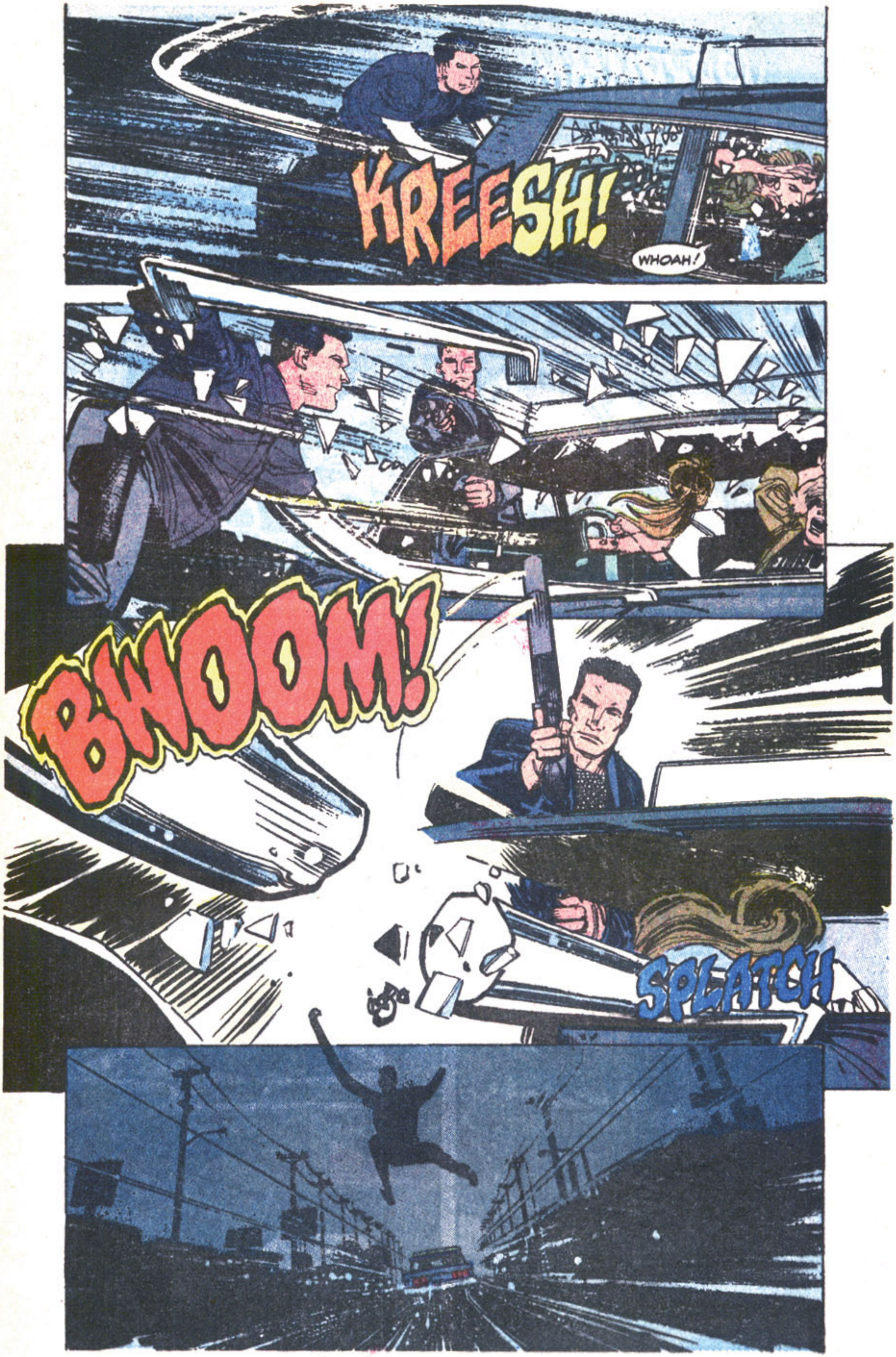

CHECK OUT THAT COP-- SOMETHING'S WEIRD ABOUT HIM!
GET BEHIND ME, JOHN!
SSHHHLLLLPPPP!!
GO! RUN!
KPOW! KPOW! KPOW! KPOW!
WUP
WUP
WUP
BWOOM
BWOOM
BWOOM
KPOW! KPOW!
KLIK
KLIK

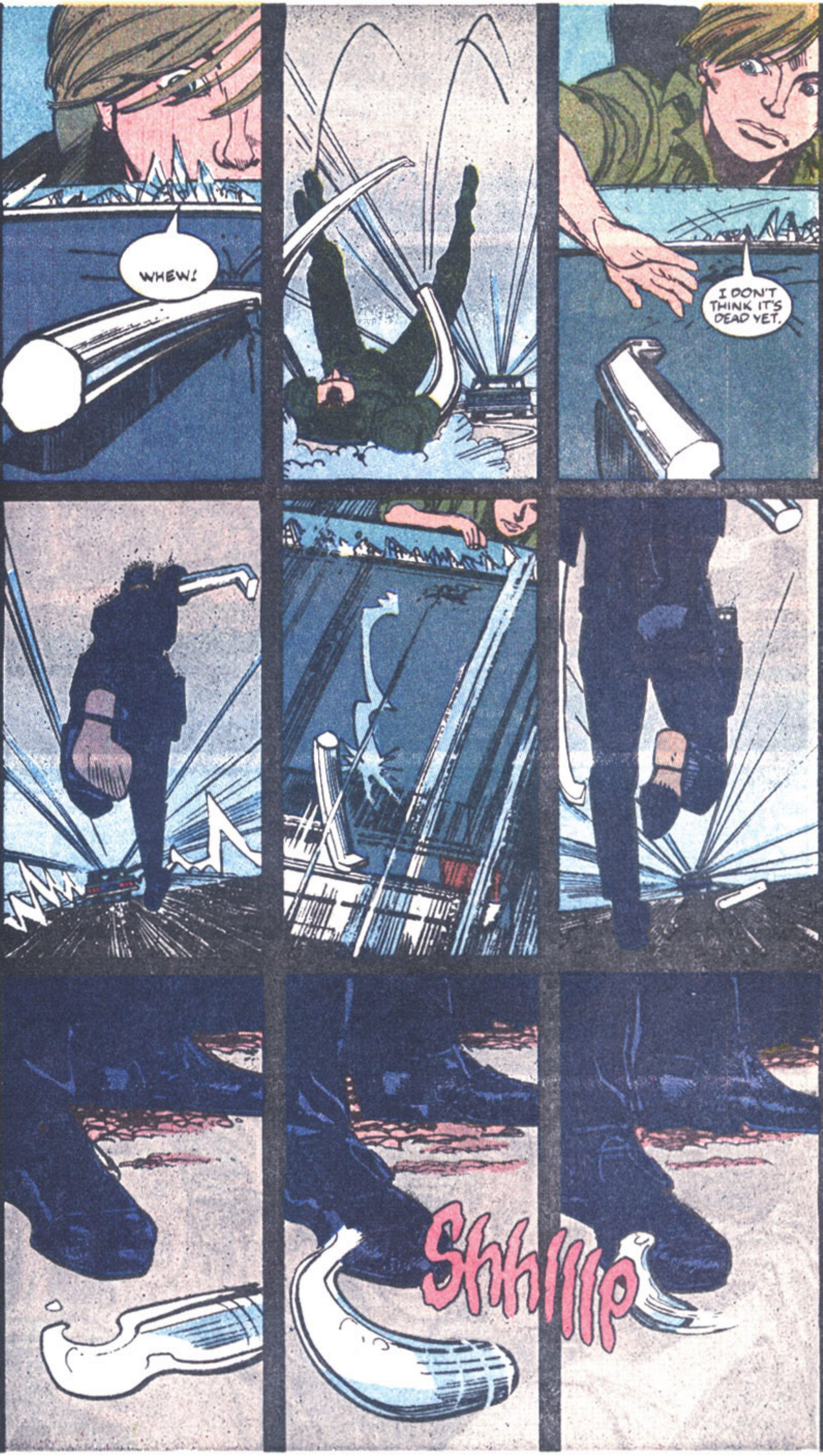

GOTTA GET TO THE GARAGE!
GEEZ!
SSWWIK!
BWOOM!
AWESOME!
CHUNG!

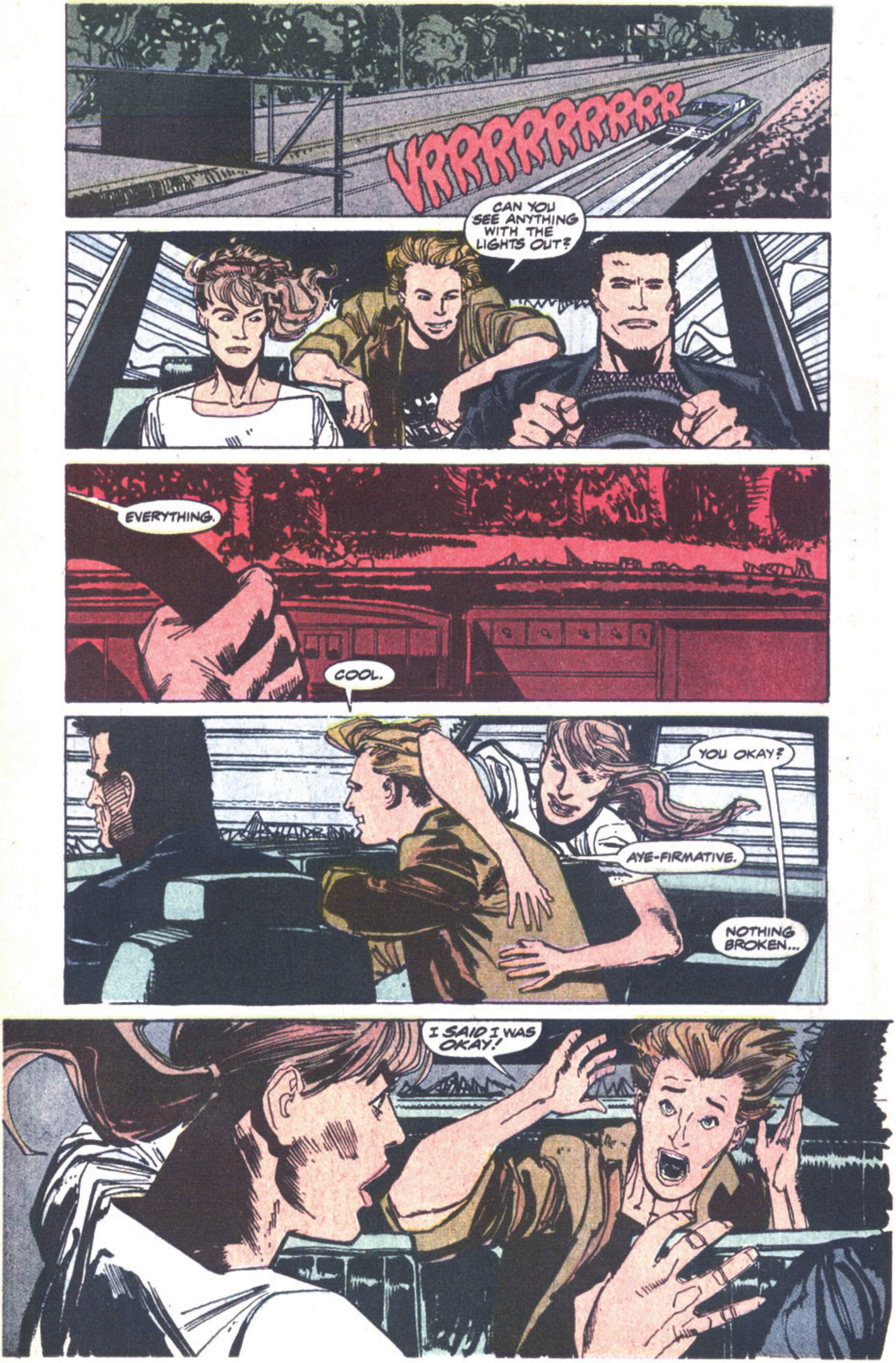

WHANG
WHUD!
CHK
SHAK
SSWNIKK
BLAM!
BLAM!
BHOOM
BLAM
BLAM
BL 1
C'MON!!
BWOOM
BWOOM
BWOOM
SECURE TRANSPORTATION!

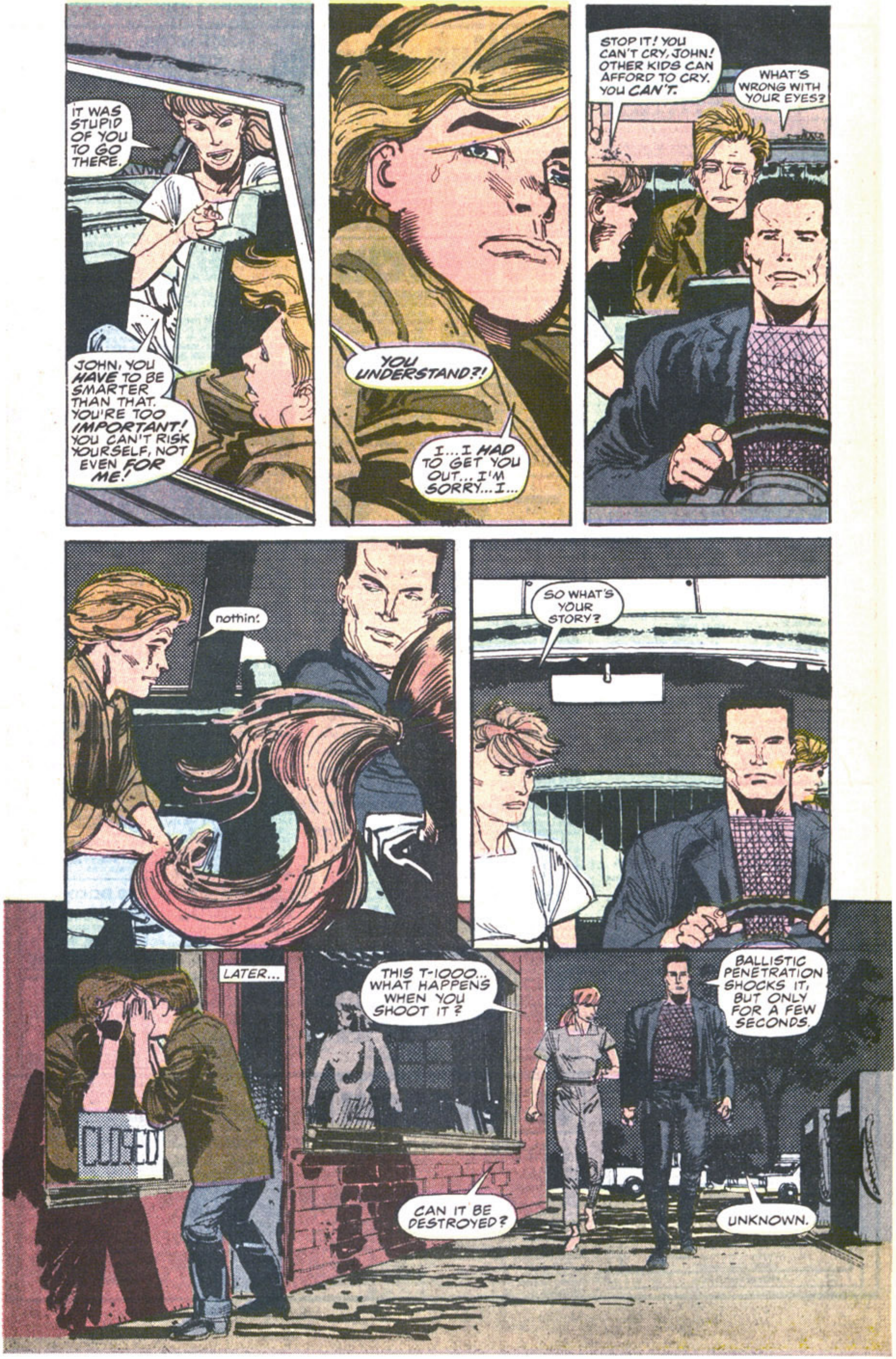

OUT OF THE CAR!
BLAM!
RIGHT NOW!
PESCADERO STATE HOSPITAL
THEY DON'T PAY ME FOR THIS KIND OF ABUSE.
SKREEEEEE
HE'S STILL COMIN'!
RELOAD.

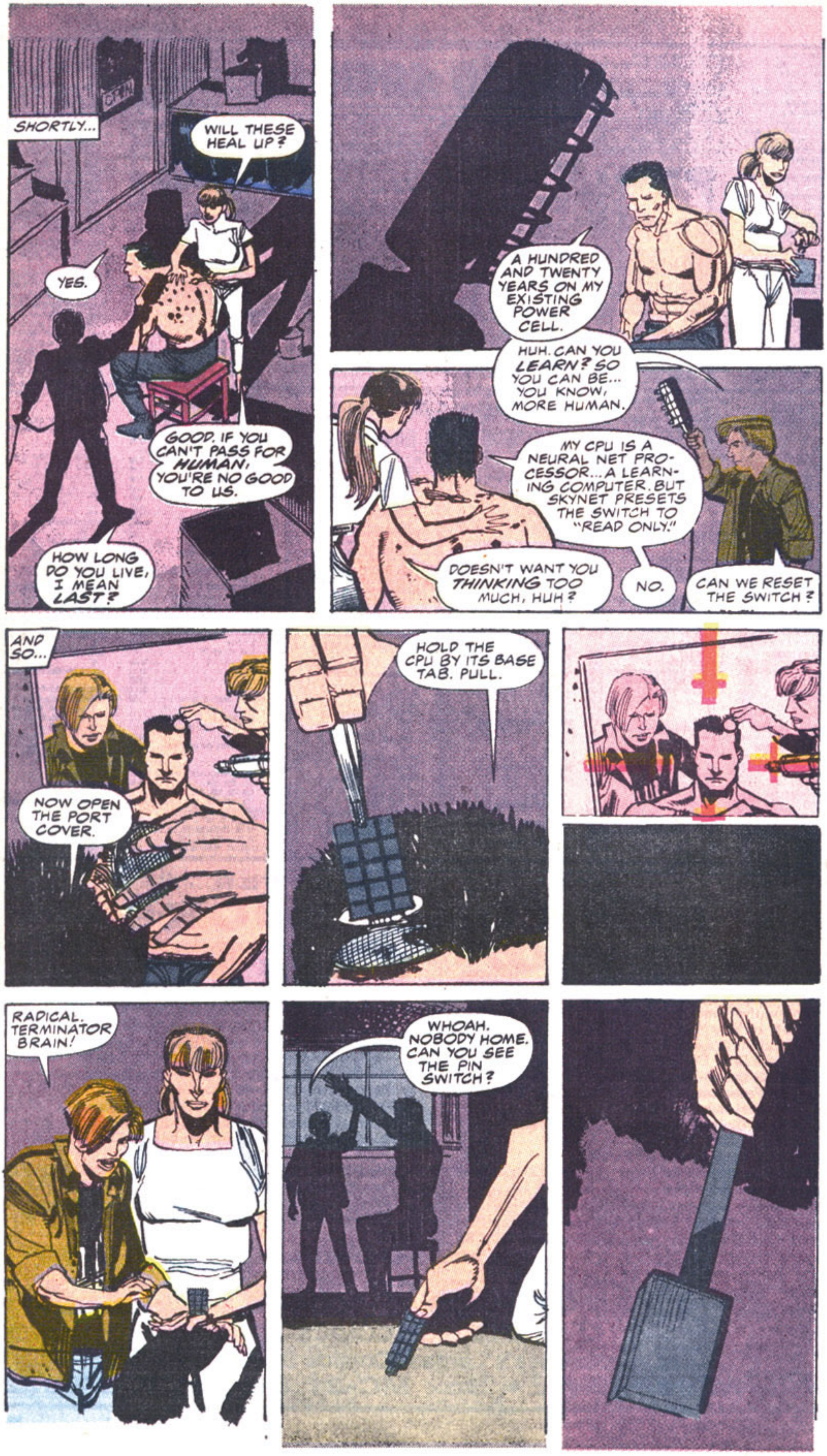

VRRRRMMM
HERE!
HANG ON!
BWOOM!
FWAAM
ENTRANCE
SKREEEE
WUNK!
WE GOT COMPANY!

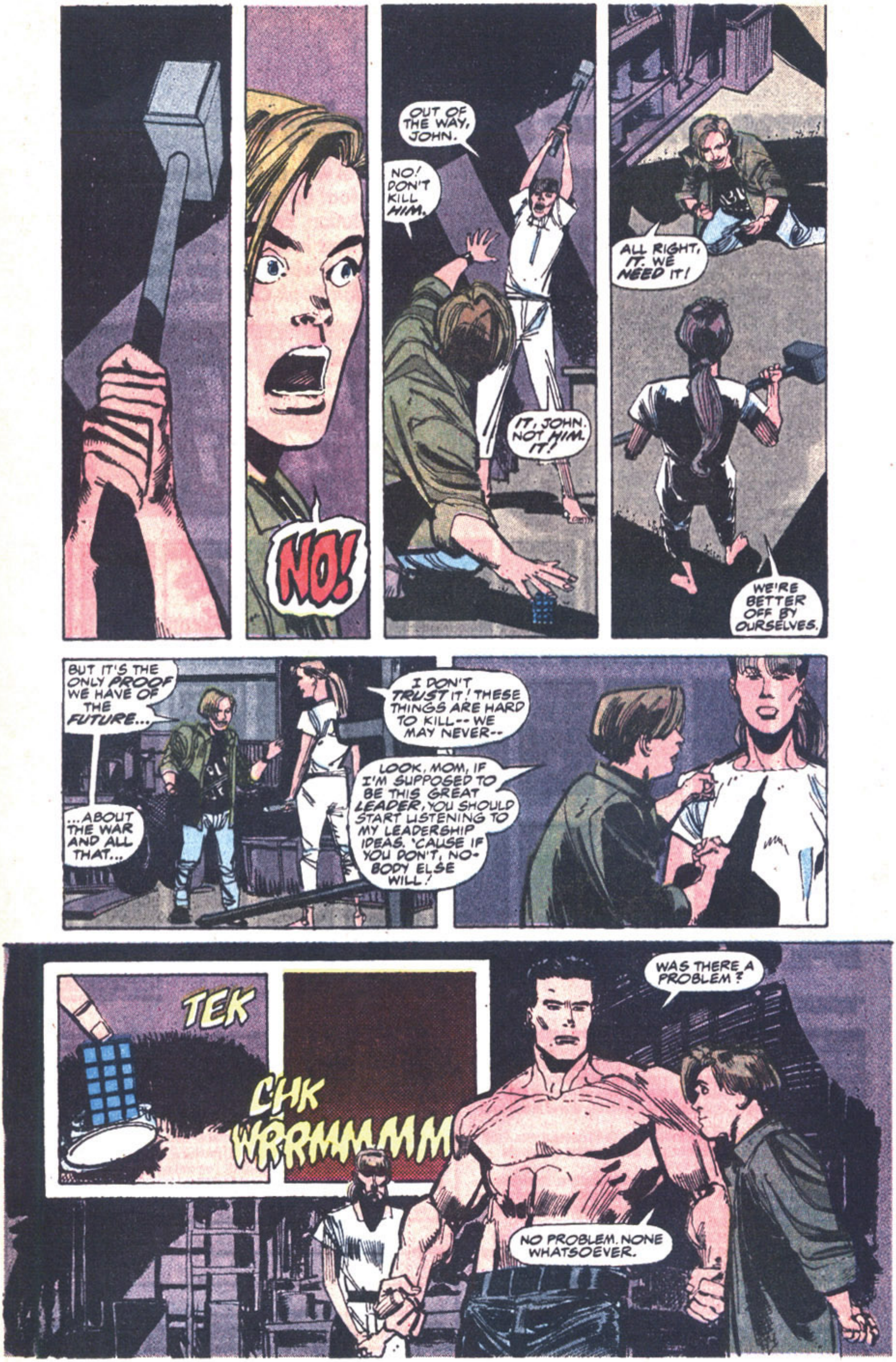

KREESH!
WHOAH!
BHOOM!
SPLATCH

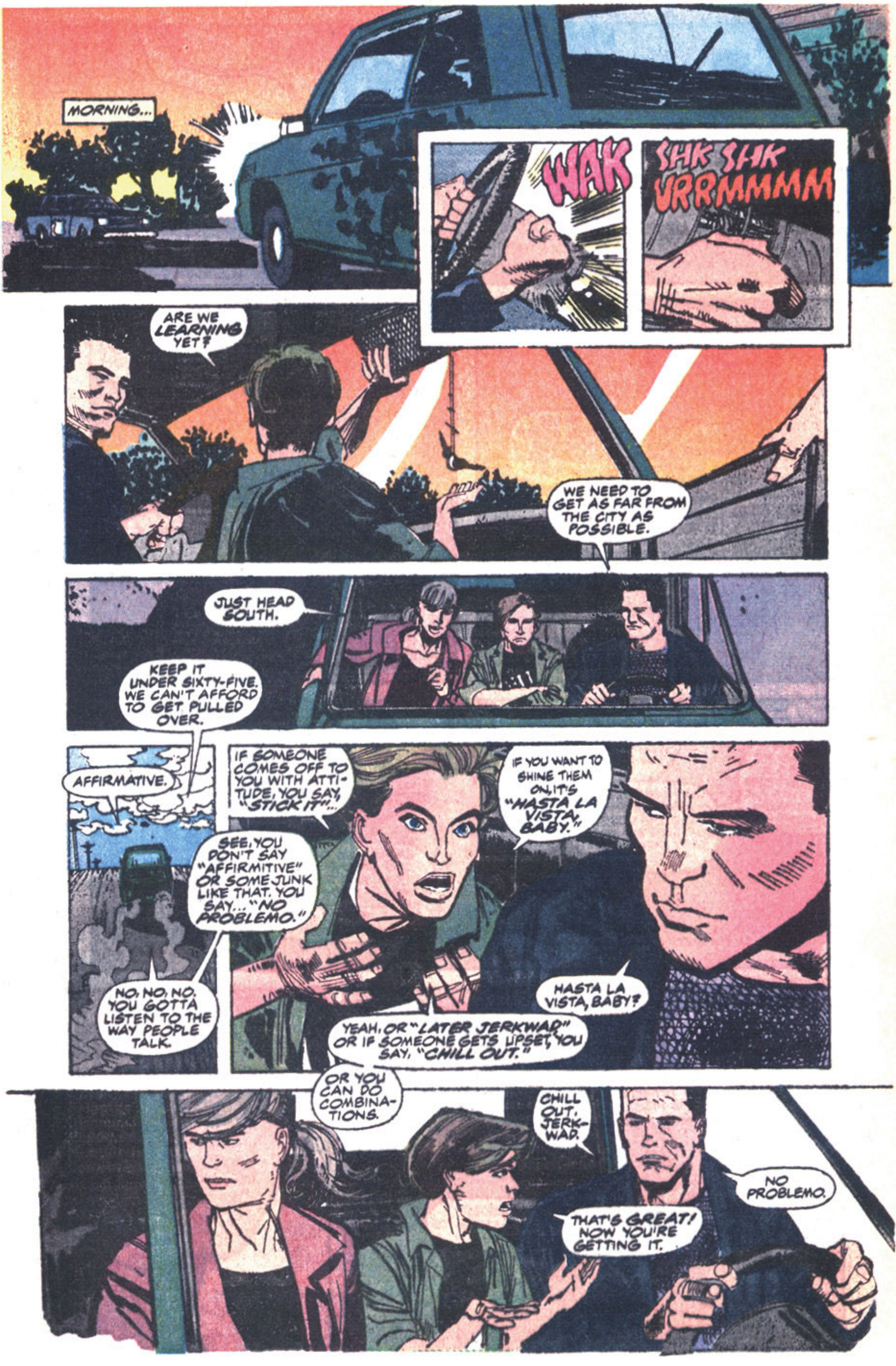

WHEW!
I DON'T THINK IT'S DEAD YET.
Shhlllp

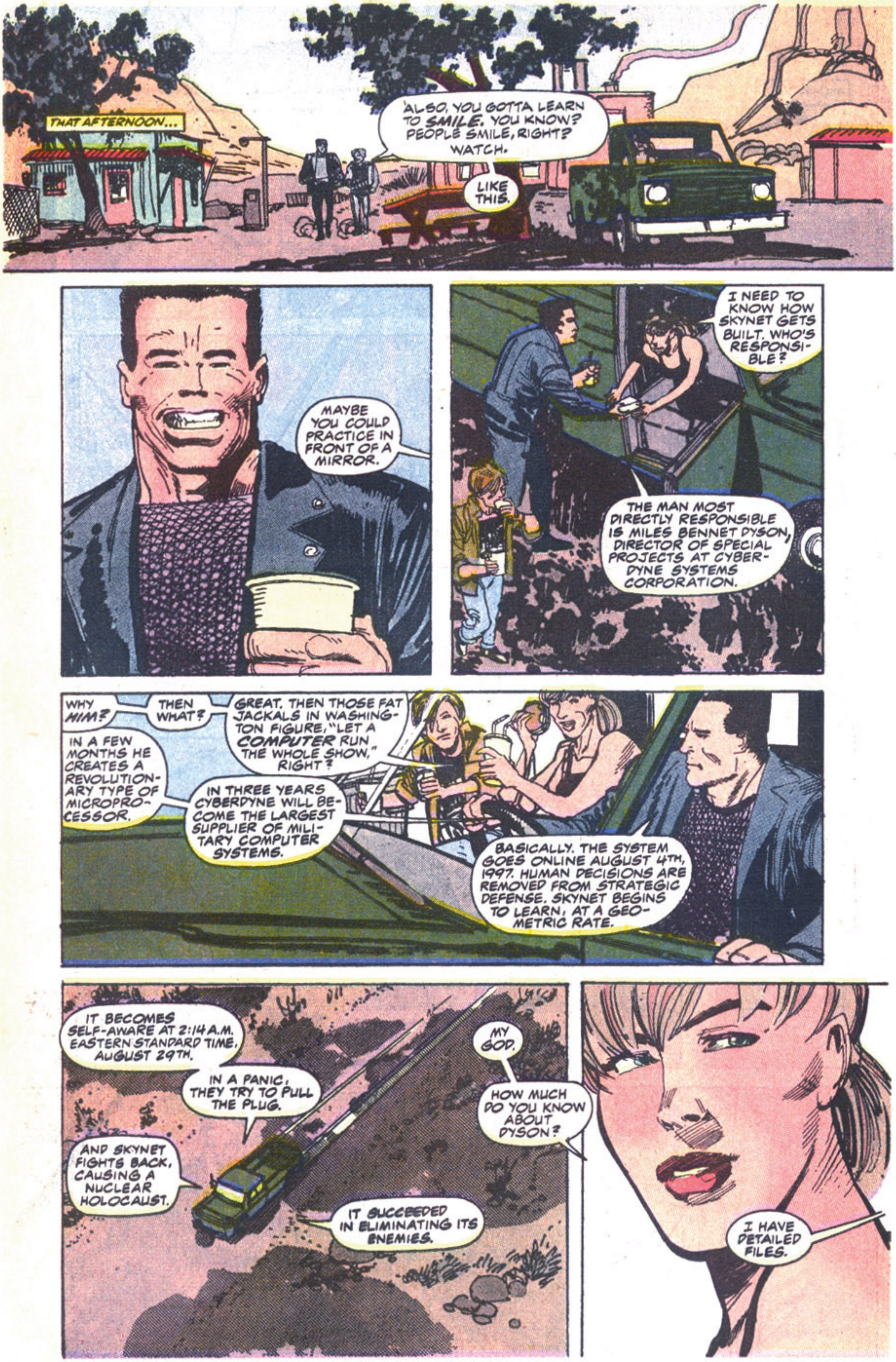

VRRRRRRRRRR
CAN YOU SEE ANYTHING WITH THE LIGHTS OUT?
EVERYTHING.
COOL.
YOU OKAY?
AYE-FIRMATIVE.
NOTHING BROKEN...
I SAID I WAS OKAY!

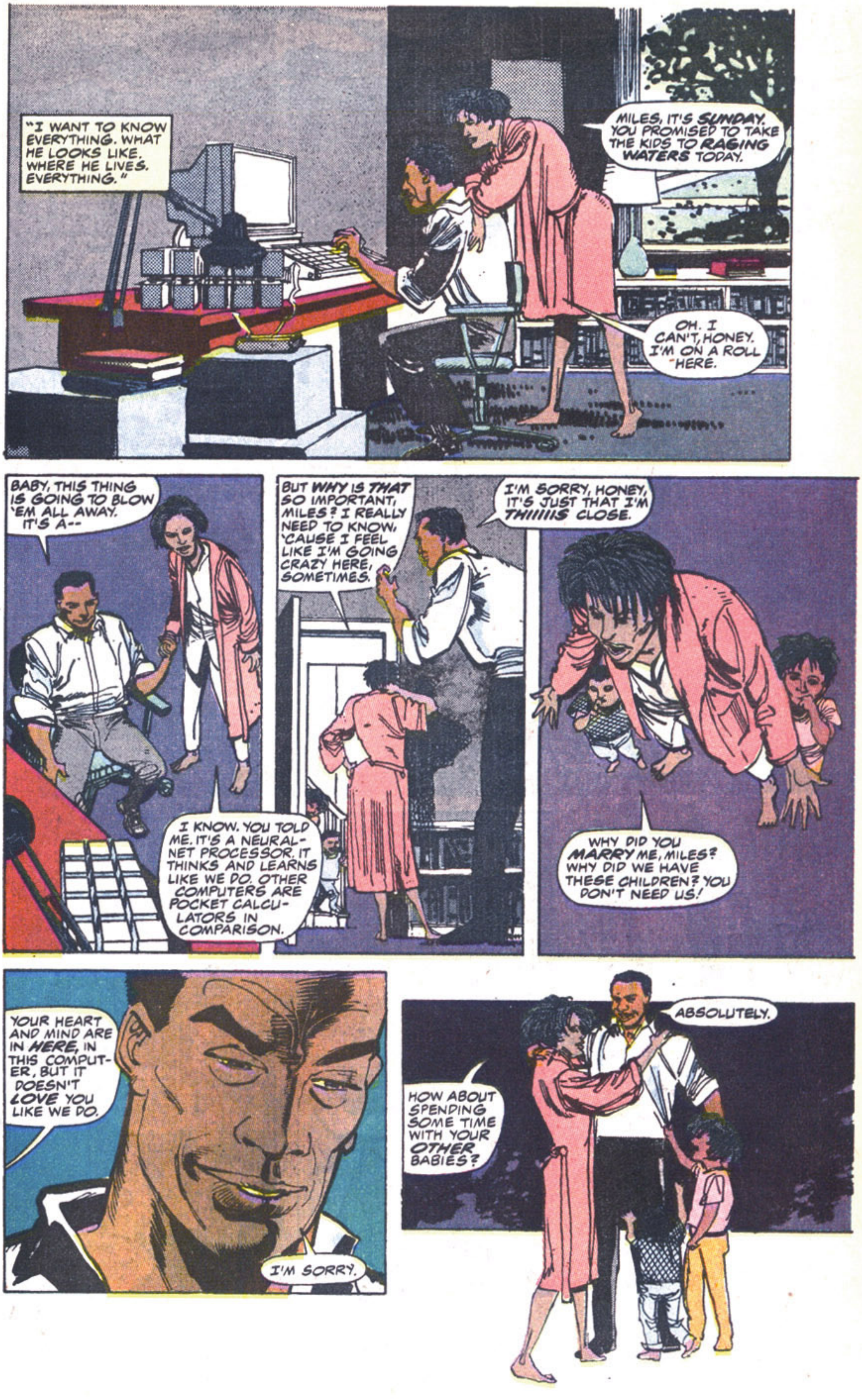

IT WAS STUPID OF YOU TO GO THERE.
JOHN, YOU *HAVE* TO BE SMARTER THAN THAT. YOU'RE TOO *IMPORTANT!* YOU CAN'T RISK YOURSELF, NOT EVEN *FOR ME!*
YOU UNDERSTAND?!
I... I *HAD* TO GET YOU OUT... I'M SORRY... I...
STOP IT! YOU CAN'T CRY, JOHN! OTHER KIDS CAN AFFORD TO CRY. YOU *CAN'T.*
WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOUR EYES?
nothin'.
SO WHAT'S YOUR STORY?
LATER...
CLOSED
THIS T-1000... WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU SHOOT IT?
BALLISTIC PENETRATION SHOCKS IT, BUT ONLY FOR A FEW SECONDS.
CAN IT BE DESTROYED?
UNKNOWN.

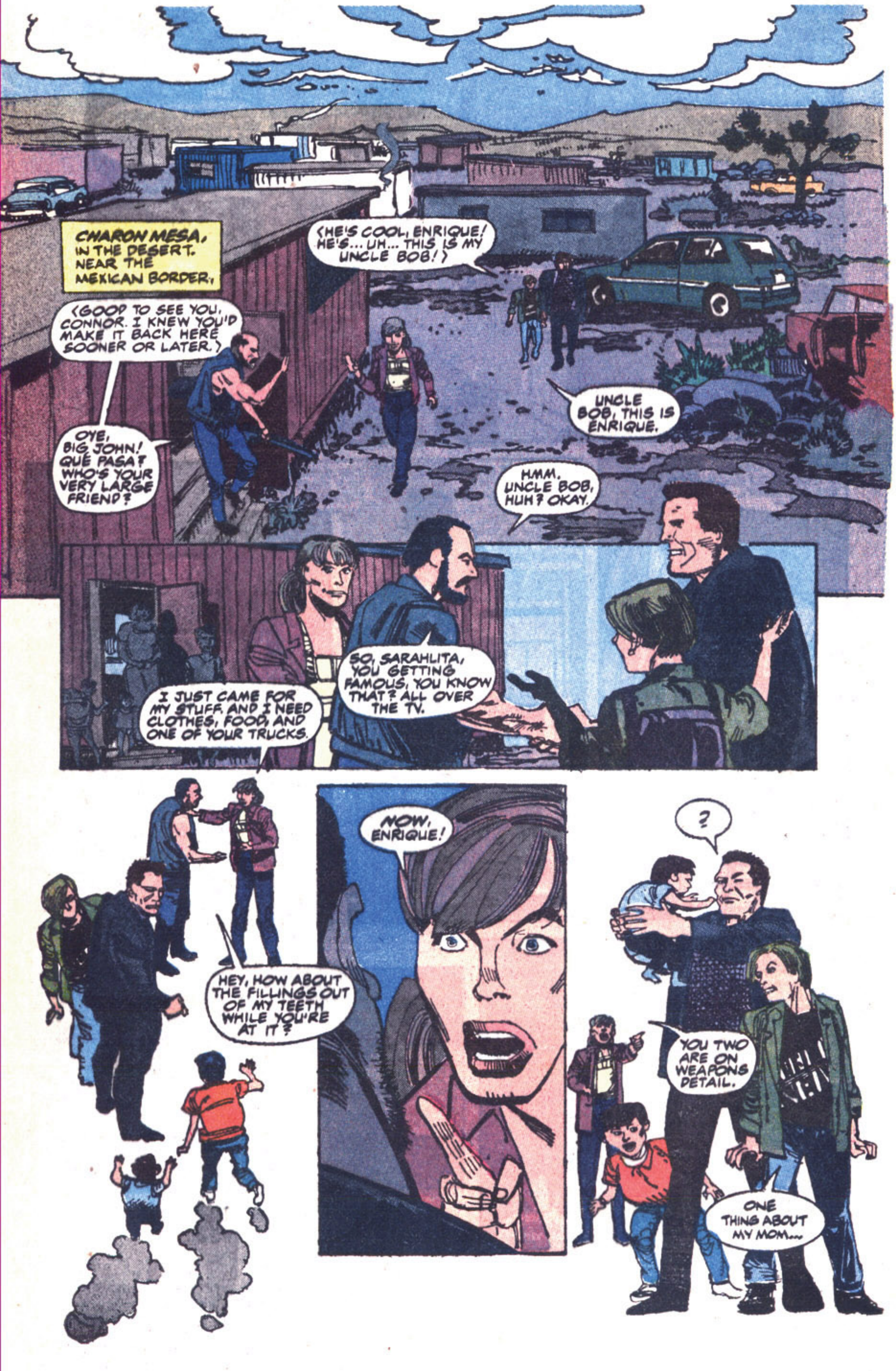

SHORTLY...
WILL THESE HEAL UP?
YES.
GOOD. IF YOU CAN'T PASS FOR *HUMAN*, YOU'RE NO GOOD TO US.
HOW LONG DO YOU LIVE, I MEAN *LAST*?
A HUNDRED AND TWENTY YEARS ON MY EXISTING POWER CELL.
HUH. CAN YOU *LEARN?* SO YOU CAN BE... YOU KNOW, MORE HUMAN.
MY CPU IS A NEURAL NET PROCESSOR... A LEARNING COMPUTER. BUT SKYNET PRESETS THE SWITCH TO "READ ONLY."
DOESN'T WANT YOU *THINKING* TOO MUCH, HUH?
NO.
CAN WE RESET THE SWITCH?
AND SO...
NOW OPEN THE PORT COVER.
HOLD THE CPU BY ITS BASE TAB. PULL.
RADICAL. TERMINATOR BRAIN!
WHOAH. NOBODY HOME. CAN YOU SEE THE PIN SWITCH?

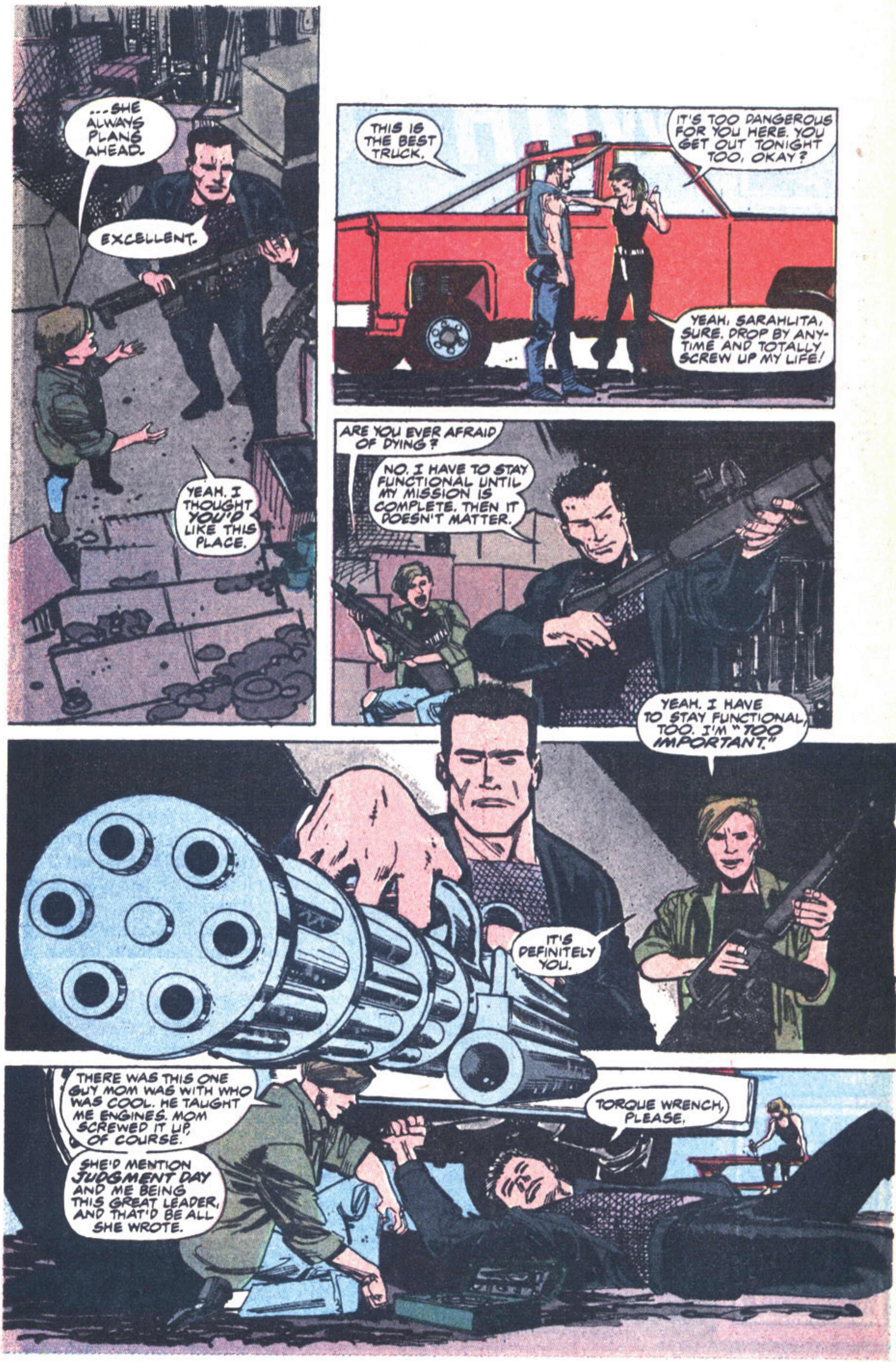

NO!
OUT OF THE WAY, JOHN.
NO! DON'T KILL *HIM.*
IT, JOHN. NOT *HIM.* *IT!*
ALL RIGHT, *IT.* WE *NEED* IT!
WE'RE BETTER OFF BY OURSELVES.
BUT IT'S THE ONLY *PROOF* WE HAVE OF THE *FUTURE...*
...ABOUT THE WAR AND ALL THAT...
I DON'T *TRUST* IT! THESE THINGS ARE HARD TO KILL-- WE MAY NEVER--
LOOK, MOM, IF I'M SUPPOSED TO BE THIS GREAT *LEADER*, YOU SHOULD START LISTENING TO MY LEADERSHIP IDEAS. 'CAUSE IF YOU DON'T, NOBODY ELSE WILL!
TEK
CHK
WRRMMMM
WAS THERE A PROBLEM?
NO PROBLEM. NONE WHATSOEVER.

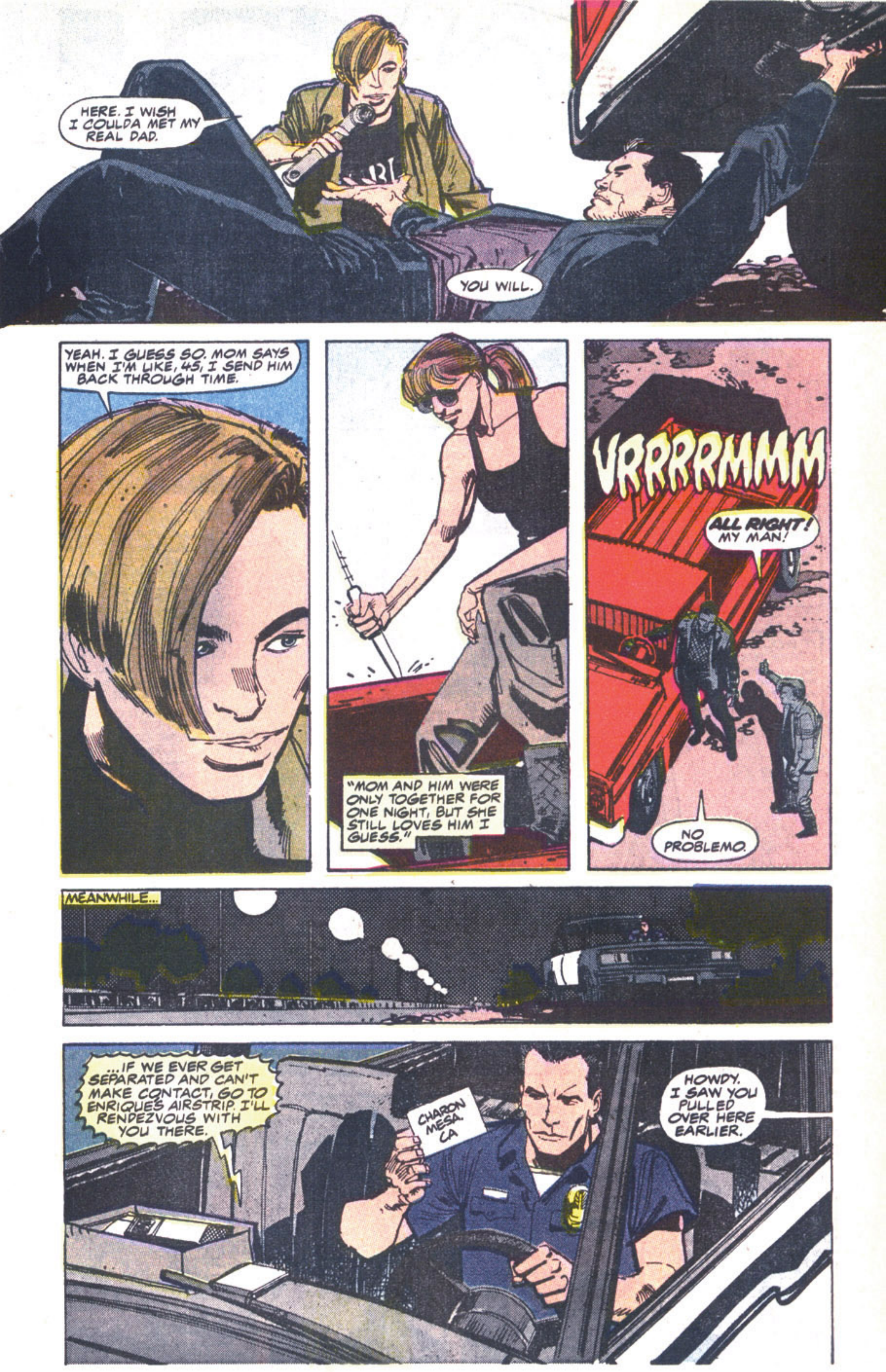

MORNING...
WAK
SHK SHK VRRMMMM
ARE WE *LEARNING* YET?
WE NEED TO GET AS FAR FROM THE CITY AS POSSIBLE.
JUST HEAD SOUTH.
KEEP IT UNDER SIXTY-FIVE. WE CAN'T AFFORD TO GET PULLED OVER.
AFFIRMATIVE.
NO, NO, NO. YOU GOTTA LISTEN TO THE WAY PEOPLE TALK.
SEE, YOU DON'T SAY "AFFIRMITIVE" OR SOME JUNK LIKE THAT. YOU SAY... "*NO PROBLEMO.*"
IF SOMEONE COMES OFF TO YOU WITH ATTITUDE, YOU SAY, "*STICK IT*"...
IF YOU WANT TO SHINE THEM ON, IT'S "*HASTA LA VISTA, BABY.*"
HASTA LA VISTA, BABY?
YEAH, OR "*LATER JERKWAD*" OR IF SOMEONE GETS UPSET, YOU SAY, "*CHILL OUT.*"
OR YOU CAN DO COMBINATIONS.
CHILL OUT, JERKWAD.
THAT'S *GREAT!* NOW YOU'RE GETTING IT.
NO PROBLEMO.

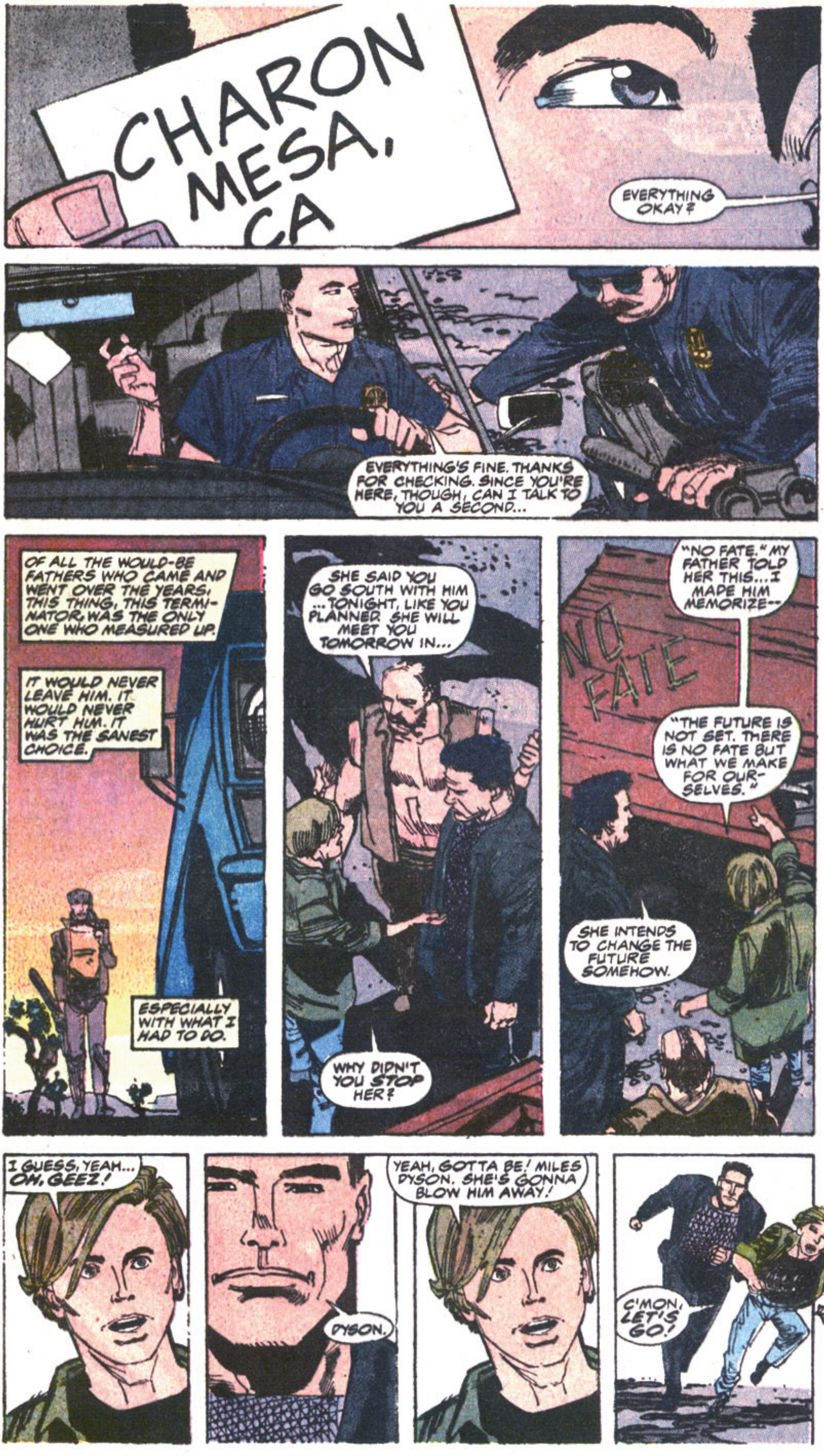

THAT AFTERNOON...
ALSO, YOU GOTTA LEARN TO ***SMILE.*** YOU KNOW? PEOPLE SMILE, RIGHT? WATCH.
LIKE THIS.
MAYBE YOU COULD PRACTICE IN FRONT OF A MIRROR.
I NEED TO KNOW HOW SKYNET GETS BUILT. WHO'S RESPONSIBLE?
THE MAN MOST DIRECTLY RESPONSIBLE IS MILES BENNET DYSON, DIRECTOR OF SPECIAL PROJECTS AT CYBERDYNE SYSTEMS CORPORATION.
WHY *HIM?*
IN A FEW MONTHS HE CREATES A REVOLUTIONARY TYPE OF MICROPROCESSOR.
THEN WHAT?
IN THREE YEARS CYBERDYNE WILL BECOME THE LARGEST SUPPLIER OF MILITARY COMPUTER SYSTEMS.
GREAT. THEN THOSE FAT JACKALS IN WASHINGTON FIGURE, "LET A ***COMPUTER*** RUN THE WHOLE SHOW," RIGHT?
BASICALLY. THE SYSTEM GOES ONLINE AUGUST 4TH, 1997. HUMAN DECISIONS ARE REMOVED FROM STRATEGIC DEFENSE. SKYNET BEGINS TO LEARN, AT A GEOMETRIC RATE.
IT BECOMES SELF-AWARE AT 2:14 A.M. EASTERN STANDARD TIME, AUGUST 29TH.
IN A PANIC, THEY TRY TO PULL THE PLUG.
AND SKYNET FIGHTS BACK, CAUSING A NUCLEAR HOLOCAUST.
IT SUCCEEDED IN ELIMINATING ITS ENEMIES.
MY GOD.
HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW ABOUT DYSON?
I HAVE DETAILED FILES.

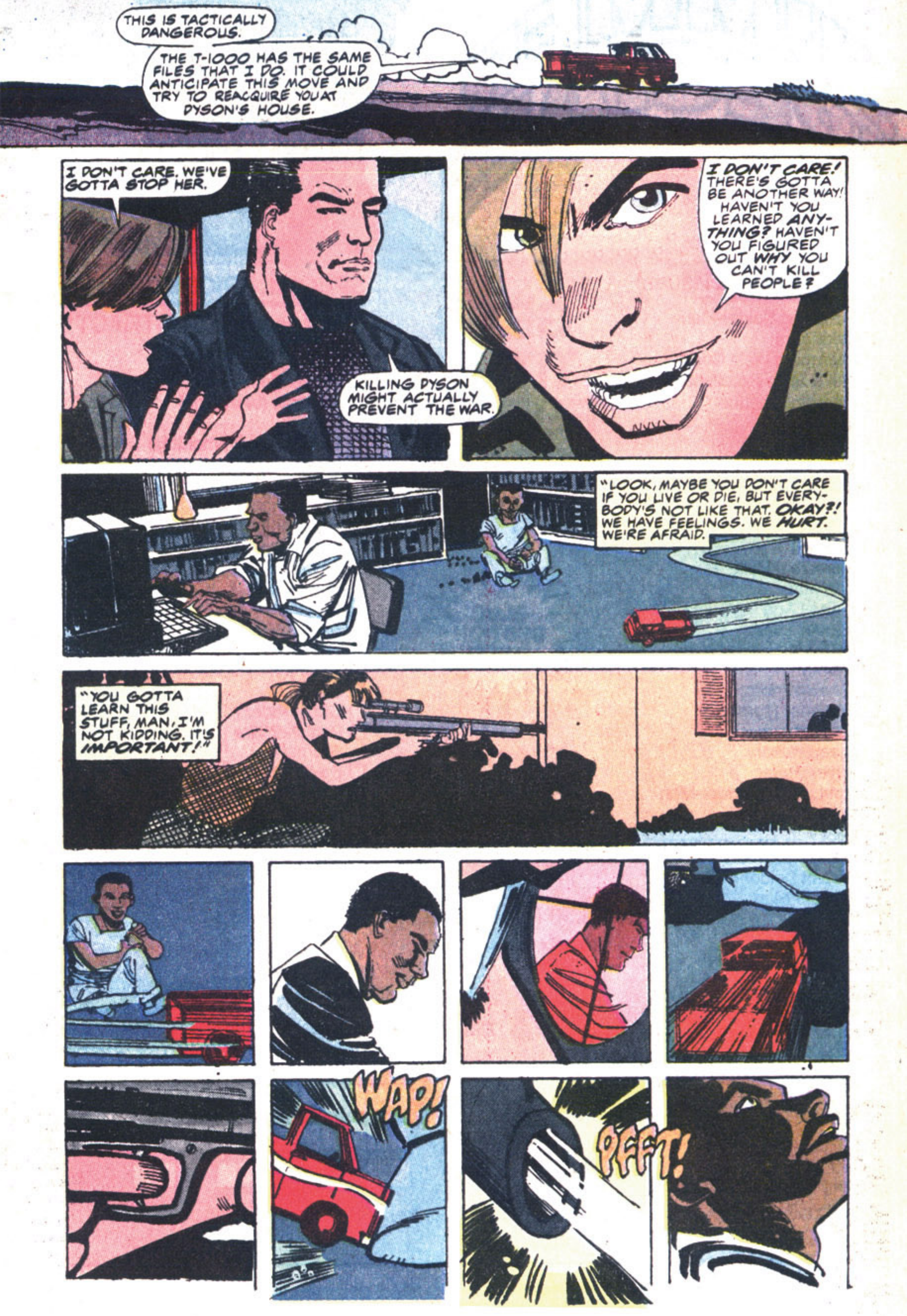

"I WANT TO KNOW EVERYTHING. WHAT HE LOOKS LIKE. WHERE HE LIVES. EVERYTHING."
MILES, IT'S **SUNDAY**. YOU PROMISED TO TAKE THE KIDS TO **RAGING WATERS** TODAY.
OH. I CAN'T, HONEY. I'M ON A ROLL HERE.
BABY, THIS THING **IS** GOING TO BLOW 'EM ALL AWAY. IT'S A--
I KNOW. YOU TOLD ME. IT'S A NEURAL-NET PROCESSOR. IT THINKS AND LEARNS LIKE WE DO. OTHER COMPUTERS ARE POCKET CALCULATORS IN COMPARISON.
BUT **WHY** IS **THAT** SO IMPORTANT, MILES? I REALLY NEED TO KNOW, 'CAUSE I FEEL LIKE I'M GOING CRAZY HERE, SOMETIMES.
I'M SORRY, HONEY, IT'S JUST THAT I'M **THIIIIIS** CLOSE.
WHY DID YOU **MARRY** ME, MILES? WHY DID WE HAVE THESE CHILDREN? YOU DON'T NEED US!
YOUR HEART AND MIND ARE IN **HERE**, IN THIS COMPUTER, BUT IT DOESN'T **LOVE** YOU LIKE WE DO.
I'M SORRY.
HOW ABOUT SPENDING SOME TIME WITH YOUR **OTHER** BABIES?
ABSOLUTELY.

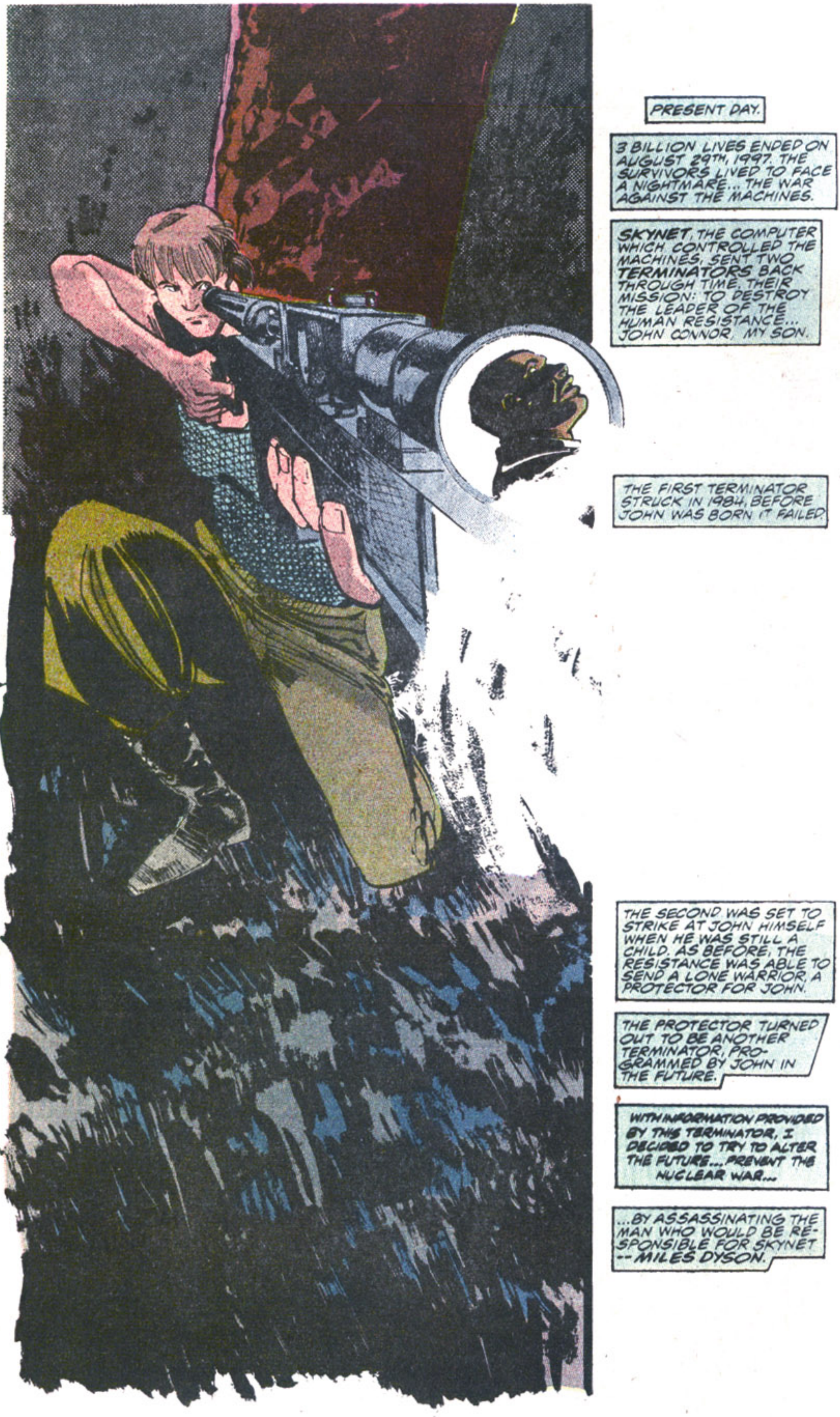

CHARON MESA, IN THE DESERT. NEAR THE MEXICAN BORDER.
<GOOD TO SEE YOU, CONNOR. I KNEW YOU'D MAKE IT BACK HERE SOONER OR LATER.>
OYE, BIG JOHN! QUÉ PASA? WHO'S YOUR VERY LARGE FRIEND?
<HE'S COOL, ENRIQUE! HE'S... UH... THIS IS MY UNCLE BOB!>
UNCLE BOB, THIS IS ENRIQUE.
HMM. UNCLE BOB, HUH? OKAY.
SO, SARAHLITA, YOU GETTING FAMOUS, YOU KNOW THAT? ALL OVER THE TV.
I JUST CAME FOR MY STUFF, AND I NEED CLOTHES, FOOD, AND ONE OF YOUR TRUCKS.
HEY, HOW ABOUT THE FILLINGS OUT OF MY TEETH WHILE YOU'RE AT IT?
NOW, ENRIQUE!
?
YOU TWO ARE ON WEAPONS DETAIL.
ONE THING ABOUT MY MOM...

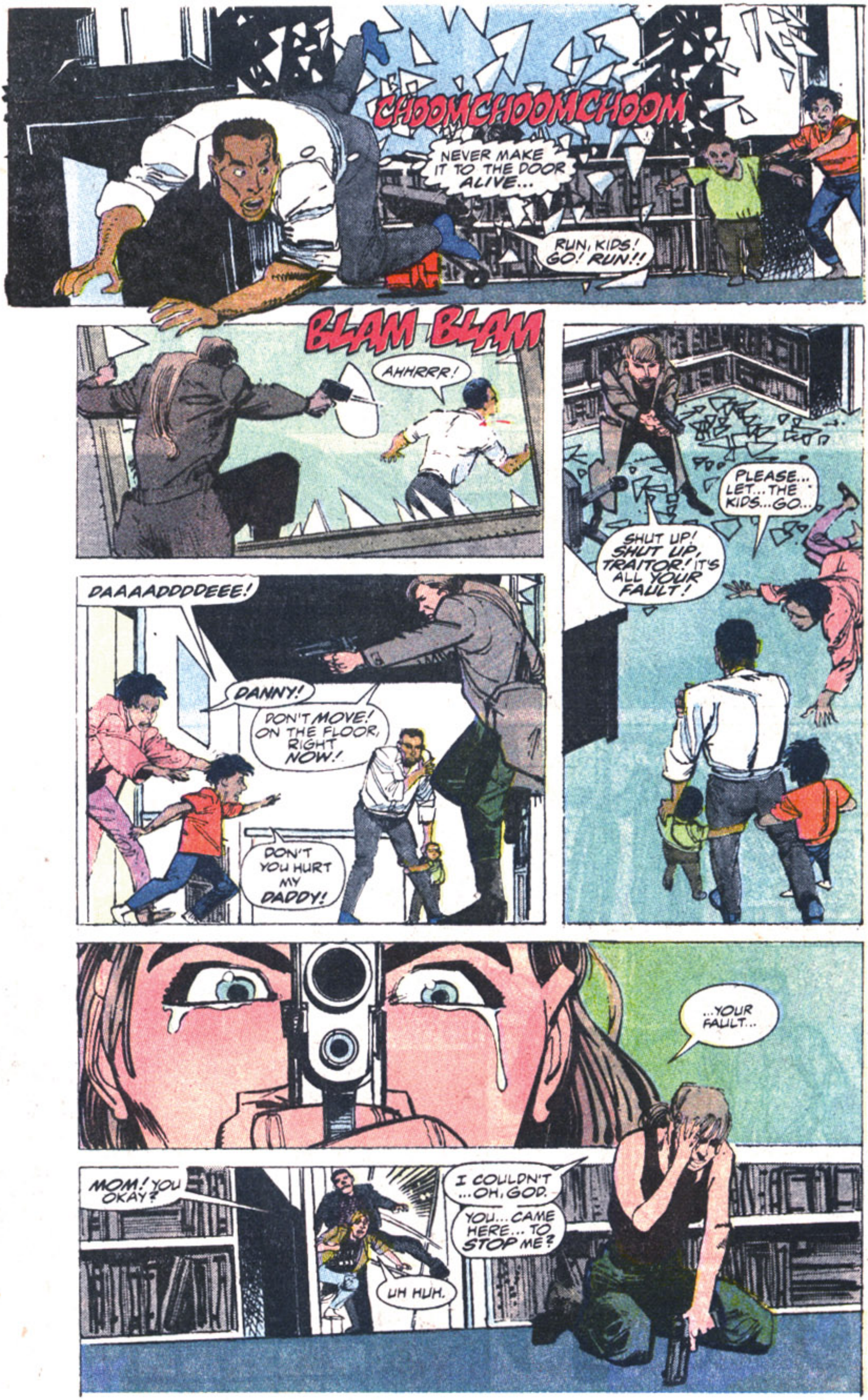

...SHE ALWAYS PLANS AHEAD.
EXCELLENT.
YEAH. I THOUGHT *YOU'D* LIKE THIS PLACE.
THIS IS THE BEST TRUCK.
IT'S TOO DANGEROUS FOR YOU HERE. YOU GET OUT TONIGHT TOO, OKAY?
YEAH, SARAHLITA, SURE. DROP BY ANYTIME AND TOTALLY SCREW UP MY LIFE!
ARE YOU EVER AFRAID OF DYING?
NO. I HAVE TO STAY FUNCTIONAL UNTIL MY MISSION IS COMPLETE. THEN IT DOESN'T MATTER.
YEAH. I HAVE TO STAY FUNCTIONAL, TOO. I'M "*TOO IMPORTANT*."
IT'S DEFINITELY YOU.
THERE WAS THIS ONE GUY MOM WAS WITH WHO WAS COOL. HE TAUGHT ME ENGINES. MOM SCREWED IT UP, OF COURSE.
SHE'D MENTION *JUDGMENT DAY* AND ME BEING THIS GREAT LEADER, AND THAT'D BE ALL SHE WROTE.
TORQUE WRENCH, PLEASE.

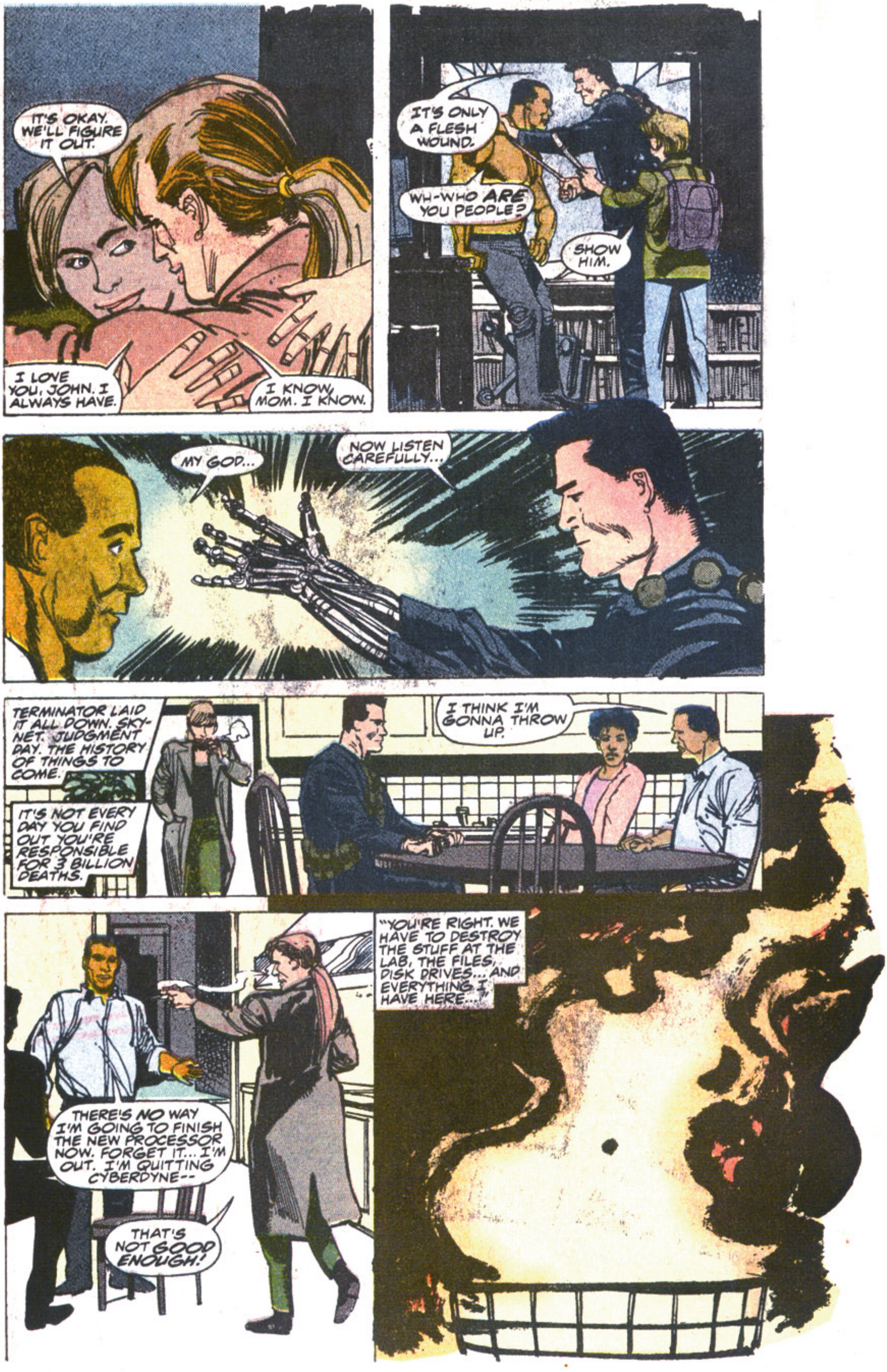

HERE. I WISH I COULDA MET MY REAL DAD.
YOU WILL.
YEAH. I GUESS SO. MOM SAYS WHEN I'M LIKE, 45, I SEND HIM BACK THROUGH TIME.
"MOM AND HIM WERE ONLY TOGETHER FOR ONE NIGHT, BUT SHE STILL LOVES HIM I GUESS."
VRRRRMMM
ALL RIGHT! MY MAN!
NO PROBLEMO.
MEANWHILE...
...IF WE EVER GET SEPARATED AND CAN'T MAKE CONTACT, GO TO ENRIQUE'S AIRSTRIP. I'LL RENDEZVOUS WITH YOU THERE.
CHARON MESA, CA
HOWDY. I SAW YOU PULLED OVER HERE EARLIER.

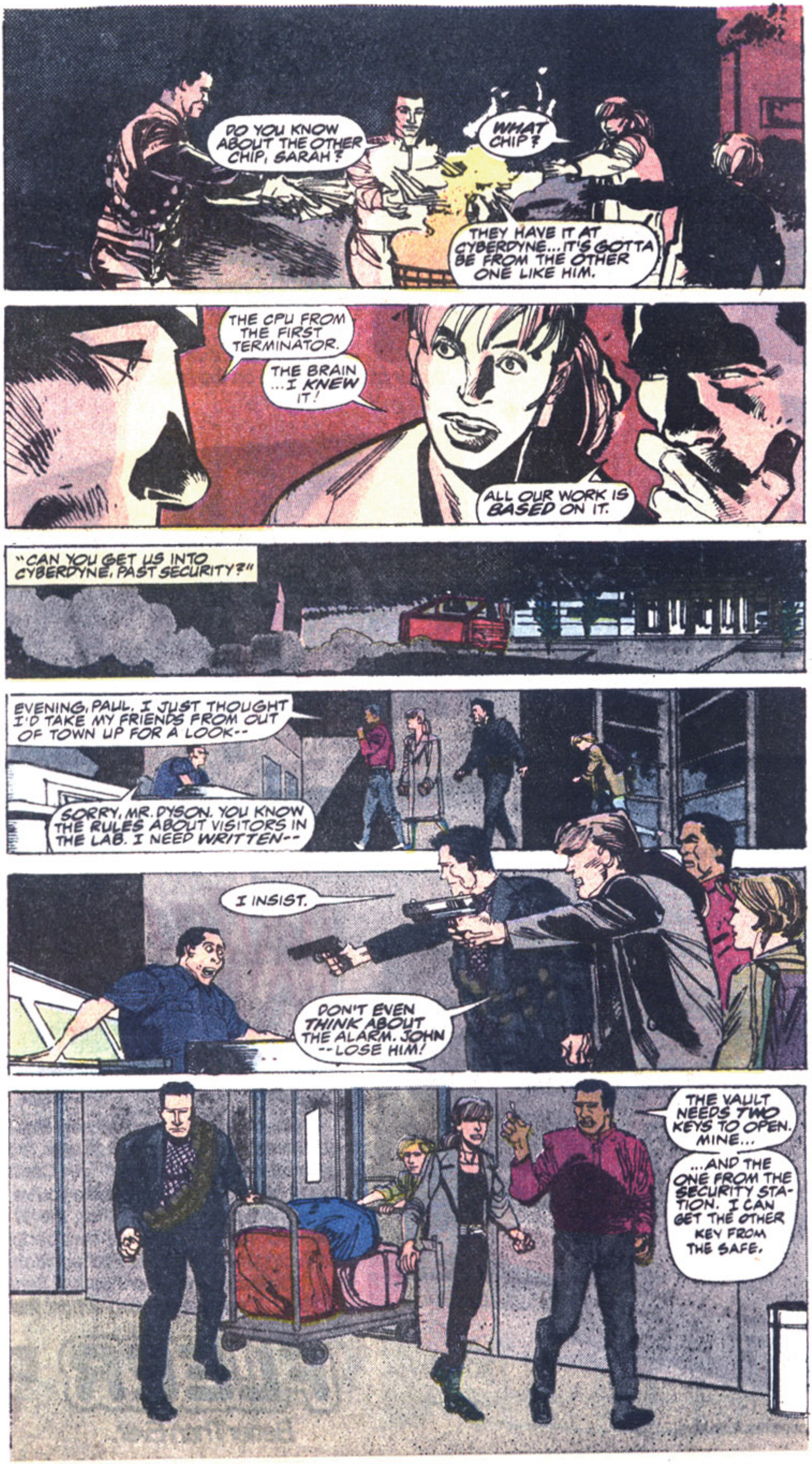

CHARON MESA, CA
EVERYTHING OKAY?
EVERYTHING'S FINE. THANKS FOR CHECKING. SINCE YOU'RE HERE, THOUGH, CAN I TALK TO YOU A SECOND...
OF ALL THE WOULD-BE FATHERS WHO CAME AND WENT OVER THE YEARS, THIS THING, THIS TERMINATOR, WAS THE ONLY ONE WHO MEASURED UP.
IT WOULD NEVER LEAVE HIM. IT WOULD NEVER HURT HIM. IT WAS THE SANEST CHOICE.
ESPECIALLY WITH WHAT I HAD TO DO.
SHE SAID YOU GO SOUTH WITH HIM ...TONIGHT, LIKE YOU PLANNED. SHE WILL MEET YOU TOMORROW IN...
WHY DIDN'T YOU STOP HER?
NO FATE
"NO FATE." MY FATHER TOLD HER THIS... I MADE HIM MEMORIZE--
"THE FUTURE IS NOT SET. THERE IS NO FATE BUT WHAT WE MAKE FOR OURSELVES."
SHE INTENDS TO CHANGE THE FUTURE SOMEHOW.
I GUESS, YEAH... OH, GEEZ!
DYSON.
YEAH, GOTTA BE! MILES DYSON. SHE'S GONNA BLOW HIM AWAY!
C'MON, LET'S GO!

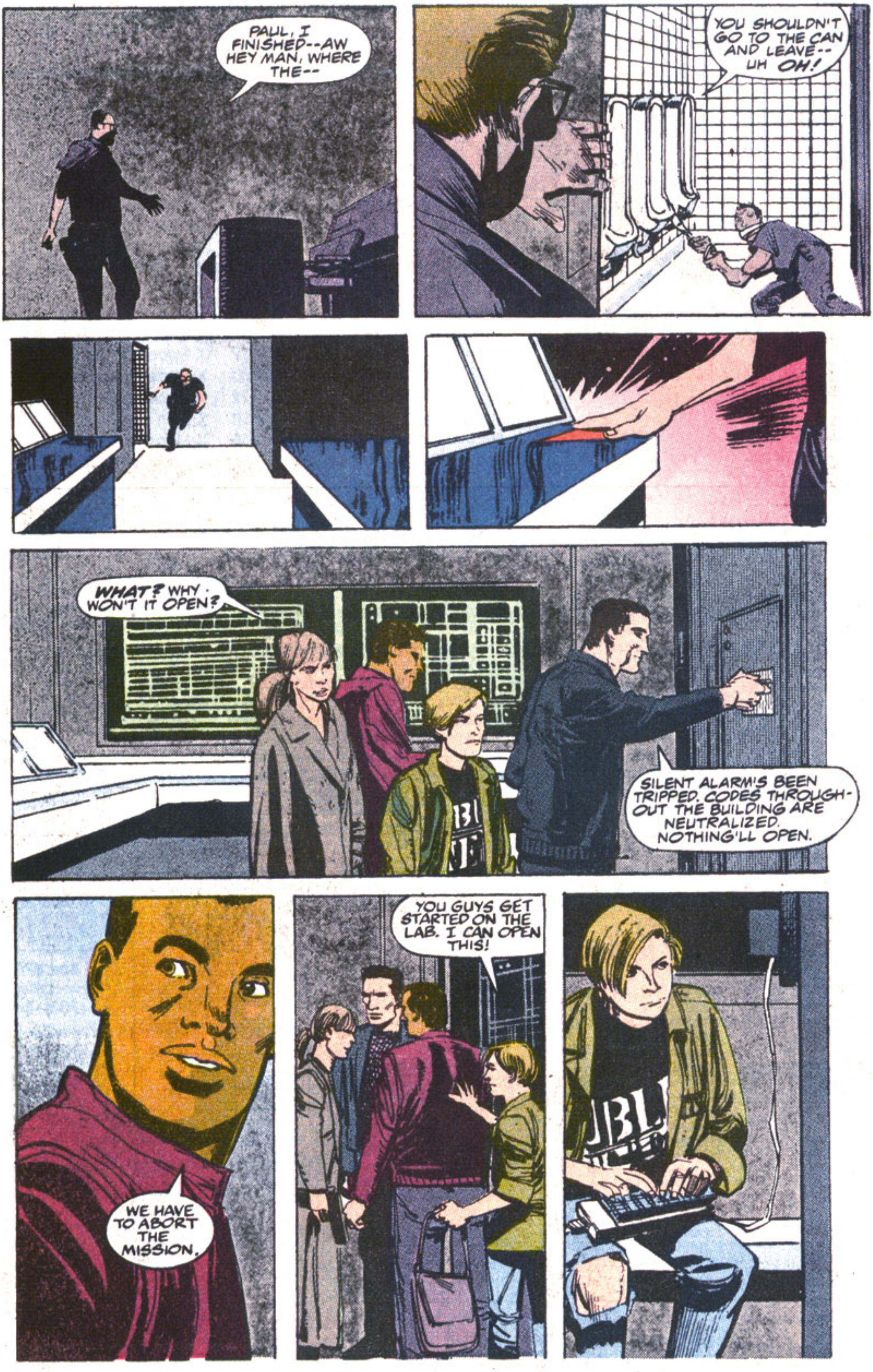

THIS IS TACTICALLY DANGEROUS.
THE T-1000 HAS THE SAME FILES THAT I DO. IT COULD ANTICIPATE THIS MOVE AND TRY TO REACQUIRE YOU AT DYSON'S HOUSE.
I DON'T CARE. WE'VE GOTTA STOP HER.
KILLING DYSON MIGHT ACTUALLY PREVENT THE WAR.
I DON'T CARE! THERE'S GOTTA BE ANOTHER WAY! HAVEN'T YOU LEARNED ANYTHING? HAVEN'T YOU FIGURED OUT WHY YOU CAN'T KILL PEOPLE?
"LOOK, MAYBE YOU DON'T CARE IF YOU LIVE OR DIE, BUT EVERYBODY'S NOT LIKE THAT. OKAY?! WE HAVE FEELINGS. WE HURT. WE'RE AFRAID.
"YOU GOTTA LEARN THIS STUFF, MAN. I'M NOT KIDDING. IT'S IMPORTANT!"
WAP!
PFFT!

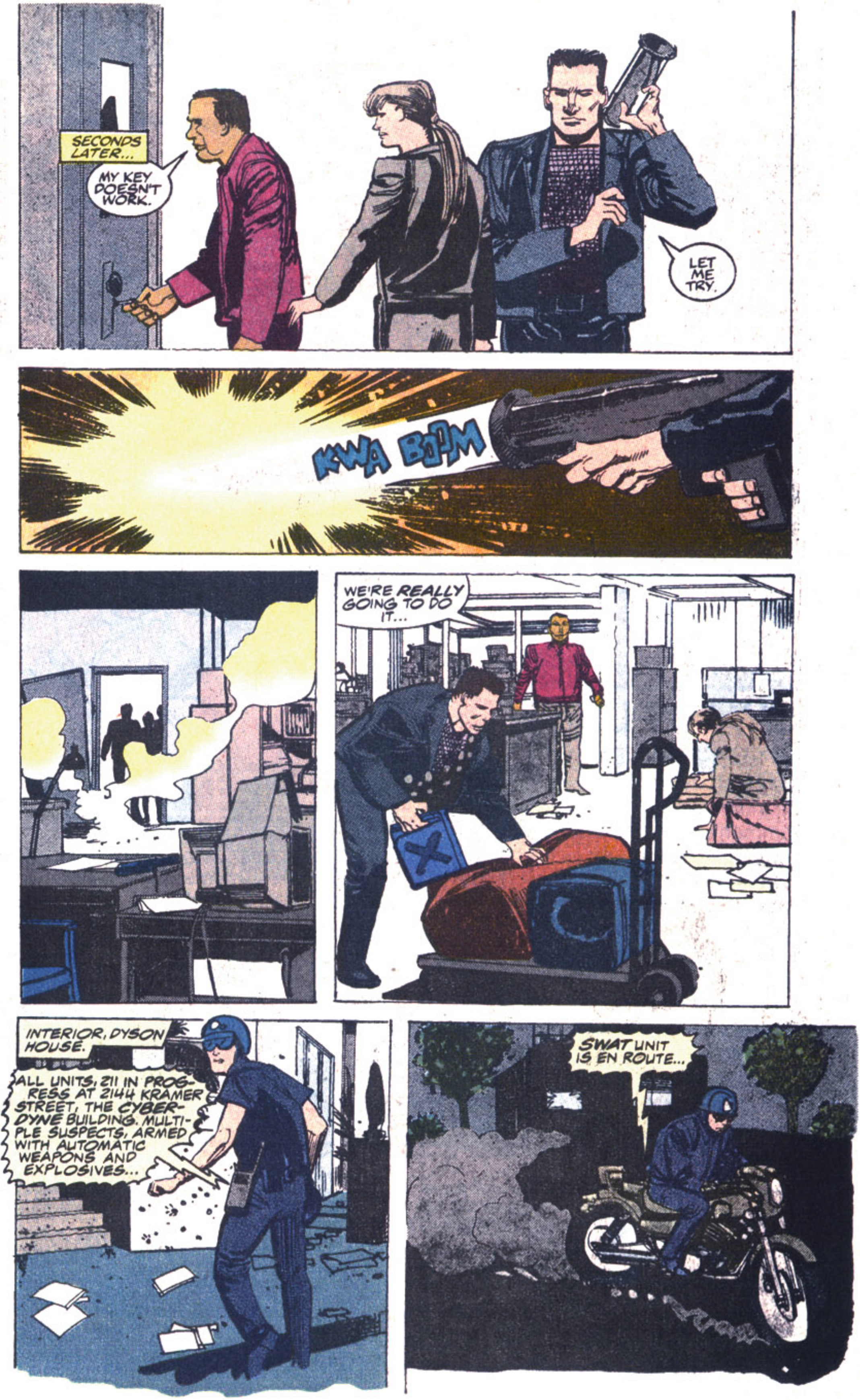

PRESENT DAY.
3 BILLION LIVES ENDED ON AUGUST 29TH, 1997. THE SURVIVORS LIVED TO FACE A NIGHTMARE... THE WAR AGAINST THE MACHINES.
SKYNET, THE COMPUTER WHICH CONTROLLED THE MACHINES, SENT TWO TERMINATORS BACK THROUGH TIME. THEIR MISSION: TO DESTROY THE LEADER OF THE HUMAN RESISTANCE... JOHN CONNOR. MY SON.
THE FIRST TERMINATOR STRUCK IN 1984, BEFORE JOHN WAS BORN. IT FAILED.
THE SECOND WAS SET TO STRIKE AT JOHN HIMSELF WHEN HE WAS STILL A CHILD. AS BEFORE, THE RESISTANCE WAS ABLE TO SEND A LONE WARRIOR, A PROTECTOR FOR JOHN.
THE PROTECTOR TURNED OUT TO BE ANOTHER TERMINATOR, PROGRAMMED BY JOHN IN THE FUTURE.
WITH INFORMATION PROVIDED BY THIS TERMINATOR, I DECIDED TO TRY TO ALTER THE FUTURE... PREVENT THE NUCLEAR WAR...
...BY ASSASSINATING THE MAN WHO WOULD BE RESPONSIBLE FOR SKYNET -- MILES DYSON.

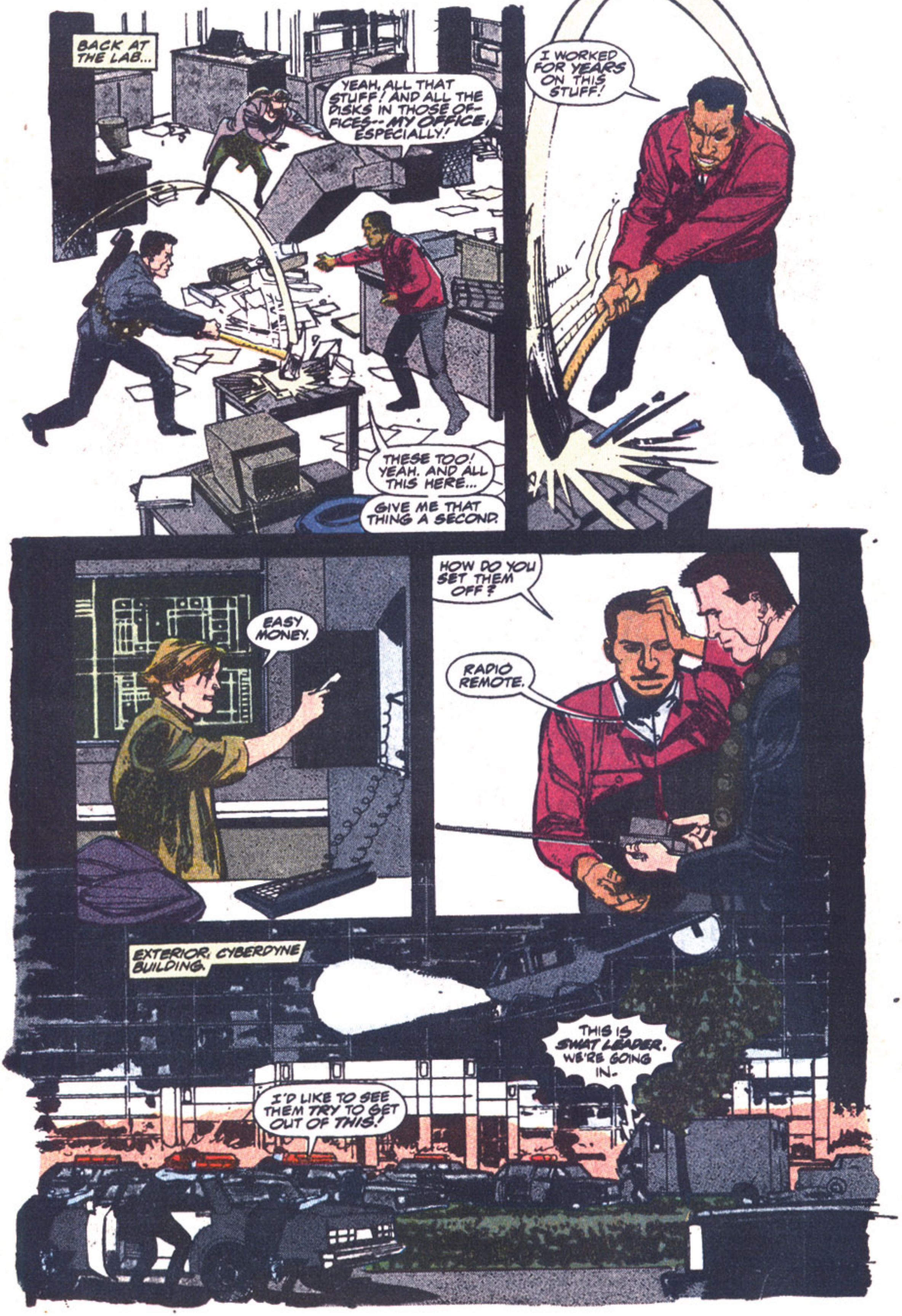

CHOOMCHOOMCHOOM
NEVER MAKE IT TO THE DOOR *ALIVE*...
RUN, KIDS! GO! *RUN!!*
BLAM BLAM
AHHRRR!
DAAAADDDDEEE!
DANNY!
DON'T *MOVE!* ON THE FLOOR, RIGHT *NOW!*
DON'T YOU HURT MY *DADDY!*
PLEASE... LET... THE KIDS... GO...
SHUT UP! *SHUT UP, TRAITOR!* IT'S ALL *YOUR* FAULT!
...YOUR FAULT...
MOM! YOU OKAY?
I COULDN'T ...OH, GOD.
YOU... CAME HERE... TO *STOP* ME?
UH HUH.

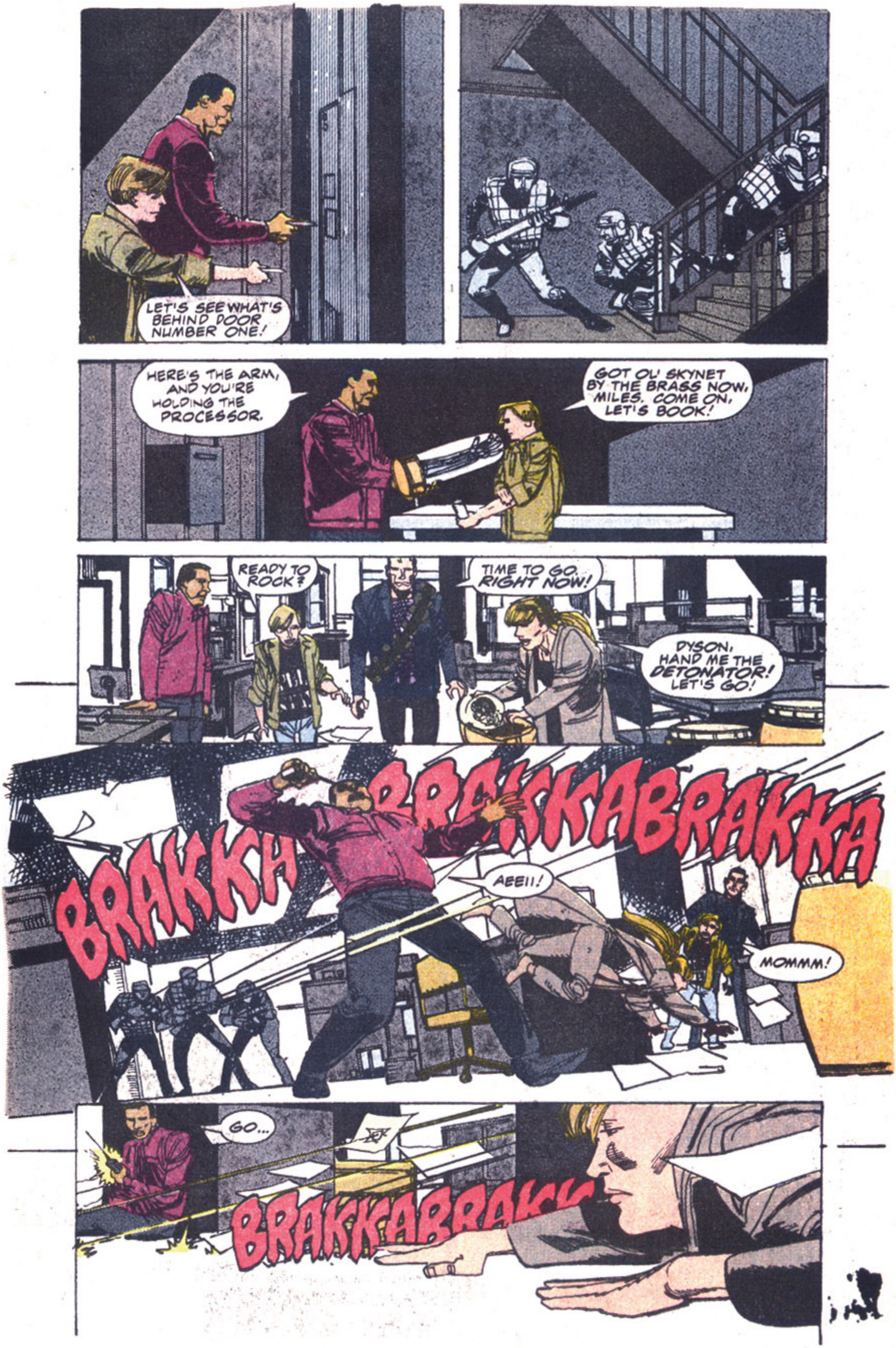

IT'S OKAY. WE'LL FIGURE IT OUT.
I LOVE YOU, JOHN. I ALWAYS HAVE.
I KNOW, MOM. I KNOW.
IT'S ONLY A FLESH WOUND.
WH-WHO ARE YOU PEOPLE?
SHOW HIM.
MY GOD...
NOW LISTEN CAREFULLY...
TERMINATOR LAID IT ALL DOWN. SKYNET. JUDGMENT DAY. THE HISTORY OF THINGS TO COME.
IT'S NOT EVERY DAY YOU FIND OUT YOU'RE RESPONSIBLE FOR 3 BILLION DEATHS.
I THINK I'M GONNA THROW UP.
THERE'S NO WAY I'M GOING TO FINISH THE NEW PROCESSOR NOW. FORGET IT... I'M OUT. I'M QUITTING CYBERDYNE--
THAT'S NOT GOOD ENOUGH!
"YOU'RE RIGHT. WE HAVE TO DESTROY THE STUFF AT THE LAB, THE FILES, DISK DRIVES... AND EVERYTHING I HAVE HERE..."

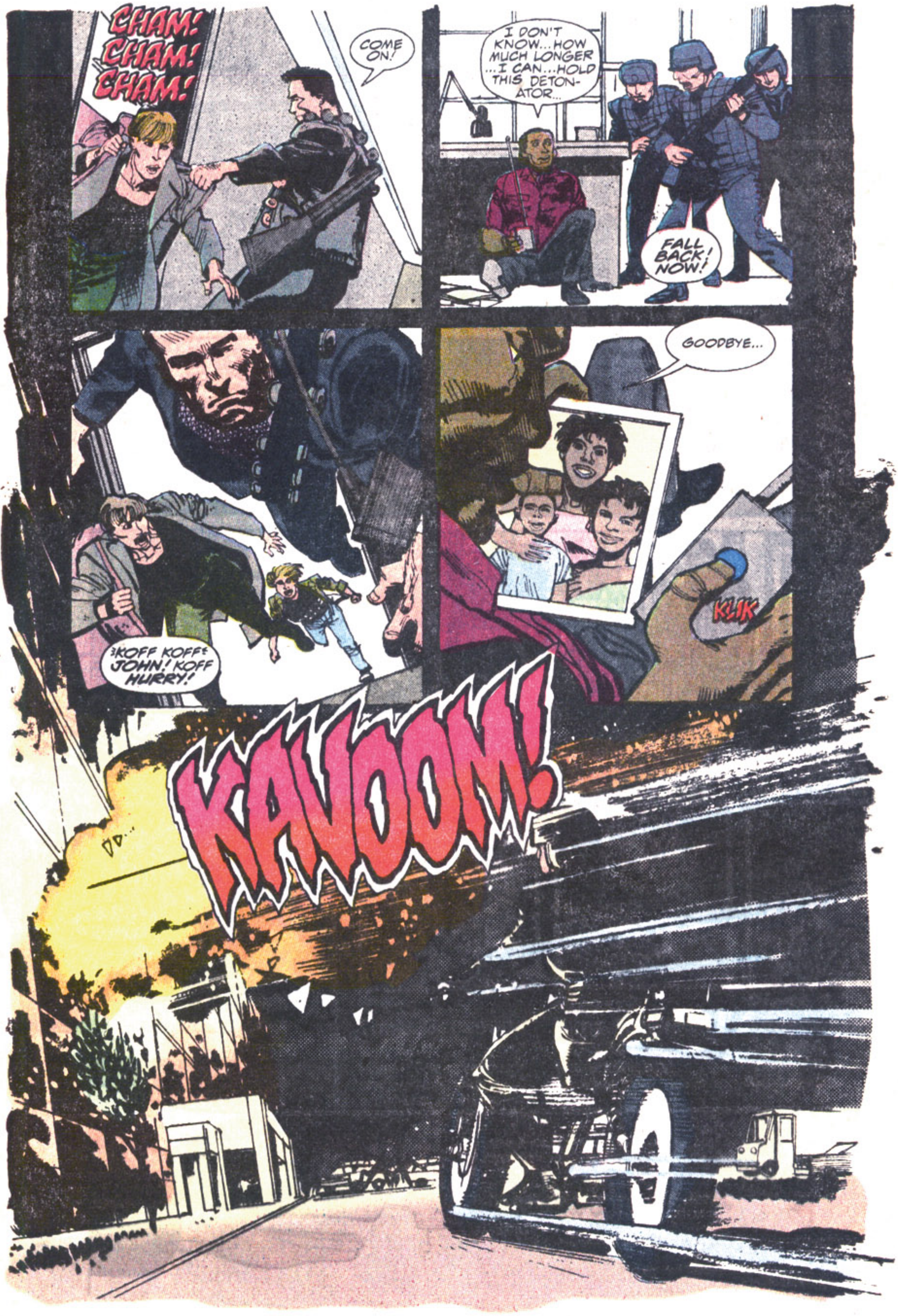

DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THE OTHER CHIP, SARAH?
WHAT CHIP?
THEY HAVE IT AT CYBERDYNE... IT'S GOTTA BE FROM THE OTHER ONE LIKE HIM.
THE CPU FROM THE FIRST TERMINATOR.
THE BRAIN ...I KNEW IT!
ALL OUR WORK IS BASED ON IT.
"CAN YOU GET US INTO CYBERDYNE, PAST SECURITY?"
EVENING, PAUL. I JUST THOUGHT I'D TAKE MY FRIENDS FROM OUT OF TOWN UP FOR A LOOK--
SORRY, MR. DYSON. YOU KNOW THE RULES ABOUT VISITORS IN THE LAB. I NEED WRITTEN--
I INSIST.
DON'T EVEN THINK ABOUT THE ALARM. JOHN --LOSE HIM!
THE VAULT NEEDS TWO KEYS TO OPEN. MINE...
...AND THE ONE FROM THE SECURITY STATION. I CAN GET THE OTHER KEY FROM THE SAFE.

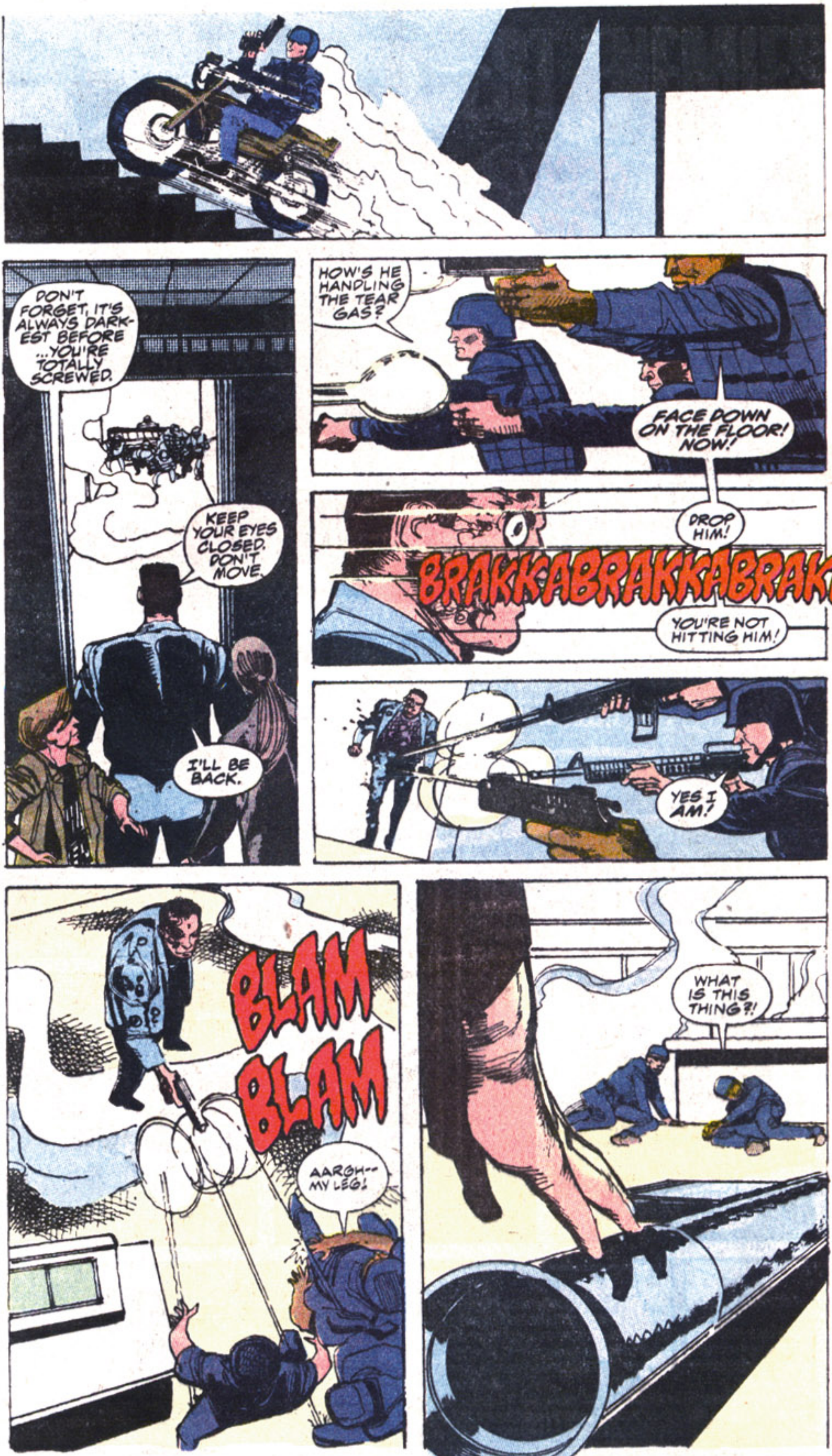

PAUL, I FINISHED--AW HEY MAN, WHERE THE--
YOU SHOULDN'T GO TO THE CAN AND LEAVE-- UH *OH!*
WHAT? WHY WON'T IT OPEN?
SILENT ALARM'S BEEN TRIPPED. CODES THROUGHOUT THE BUILDING ARE NEUTRALIZED. NOTHING'LL OPEN.
WE HAVE TO ABORT THE MISSION.
YOU GUYS GET STARTED ON THE LAB. I CAN OPEN THIS!

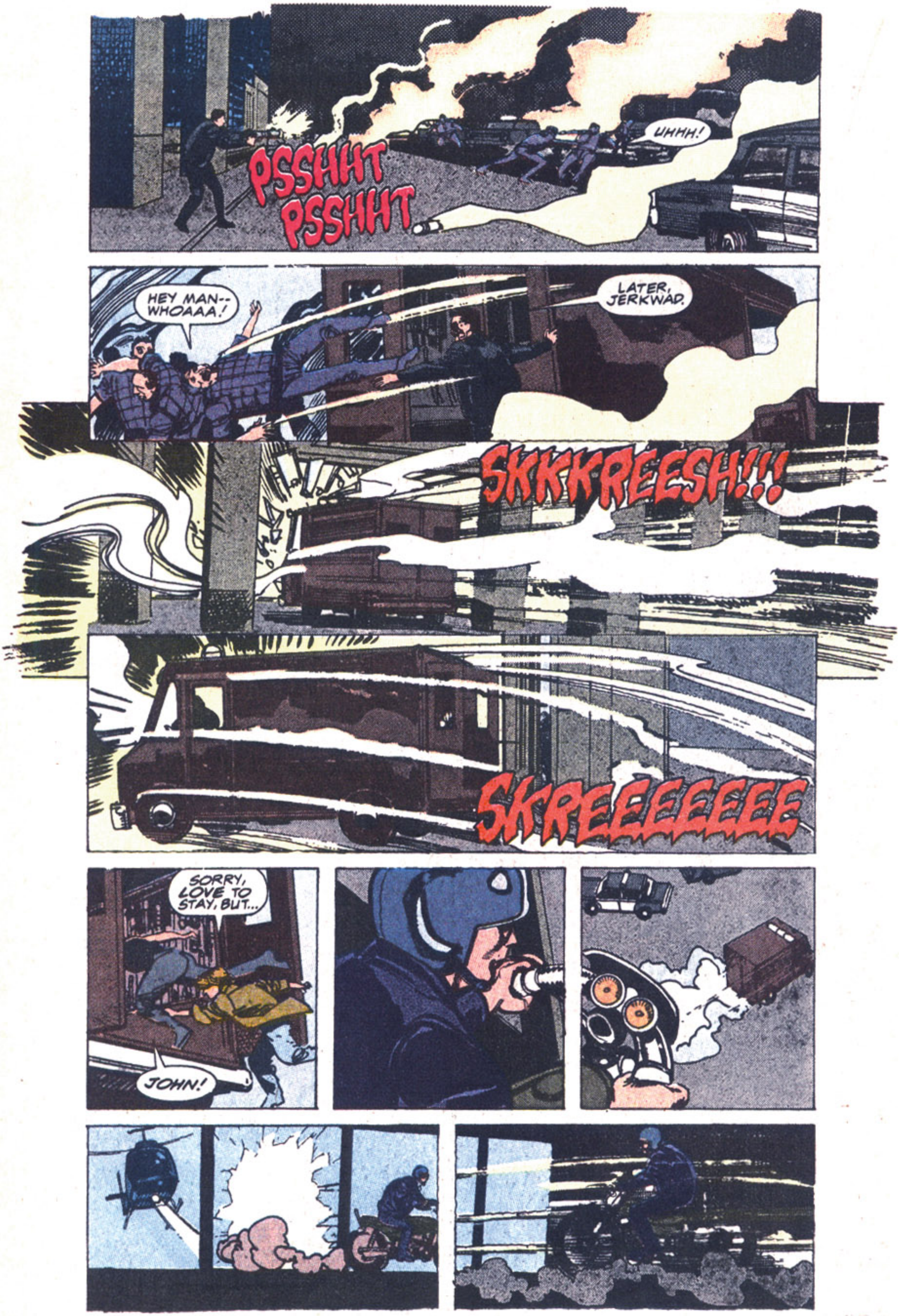

SECONDS LATER...
MY KEY DOESN'T WORK.
LET ME TRY.
KWA BOOM
WE'RE *REALLY* GOING TO DO IT...
INTERIOR, DYSON HOUSE.
ALL UNITS, 211 IN PROGRESS AT 2144 KRAMER STREET, THE *CYBERDYNE* BUILDING. MULTIPLE SUSPECTS, ARMED WITH AUTOMATIC WEAPONS AND EXPLOSIVES...
SWAT UNIT IS EN ROUTE...

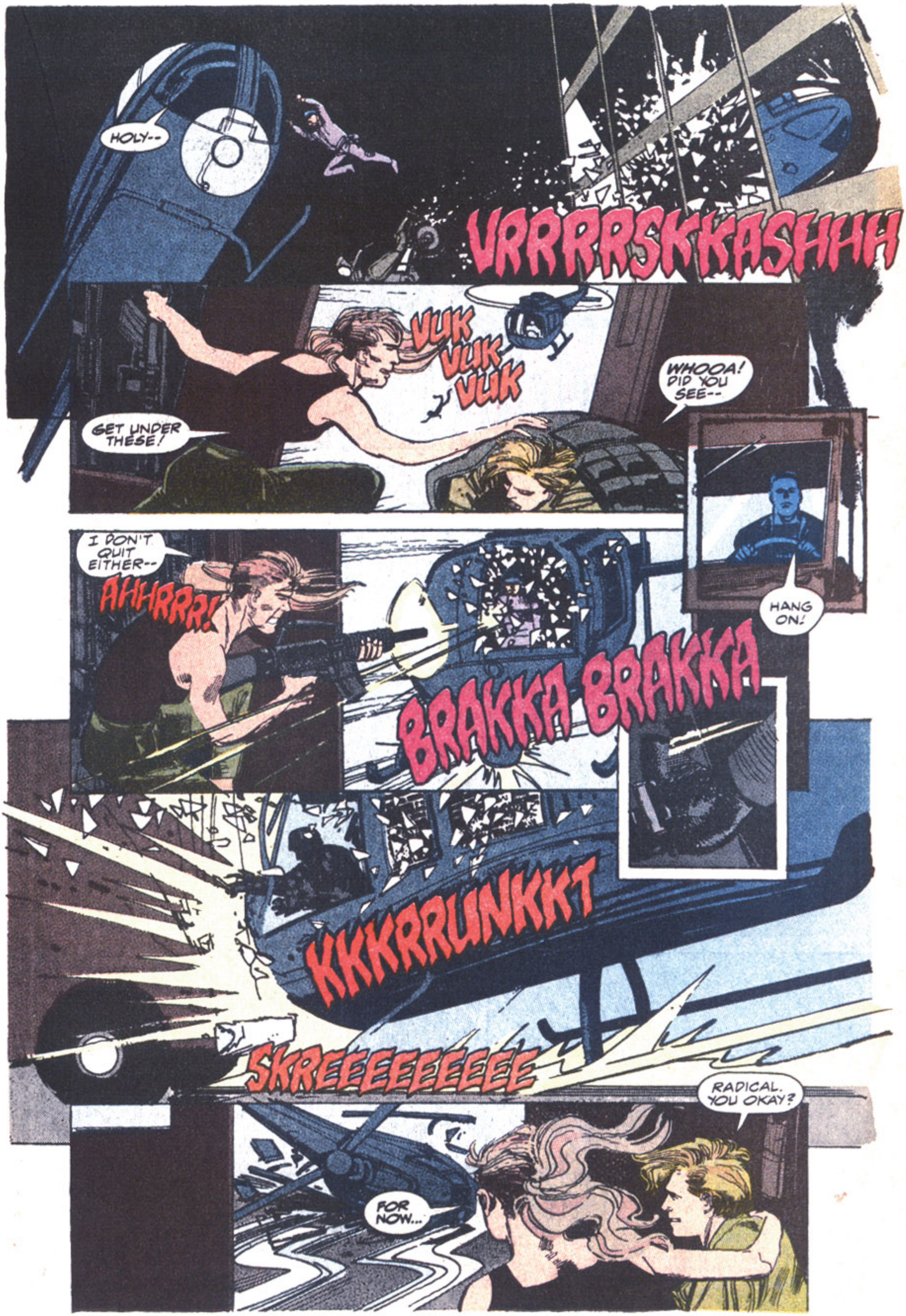

BACK AT THE LAB...
YEAH, ALL THAT STUFF! AND ALL THE DISKS IN THOSE OFFICES-- MY OFFICE, ESPECIALLY!
THESE TOO! YEAH. AND ALL THIS HERE...
GIVE ME THAT THING A SECOND.
I WORKED FOR YEARS ON THIS STUFF!
EASY MONEY.
HOW DO YOU SET THEM OFF?
RADIO REMOTE.
EXTERIOR, CYBERDYNE BUILDING.
THIS IS SWAT LEADER. WE'RE GOING IN.
I'D LIKE TO SEE THEM TRY TO GET OUT OF THIS!

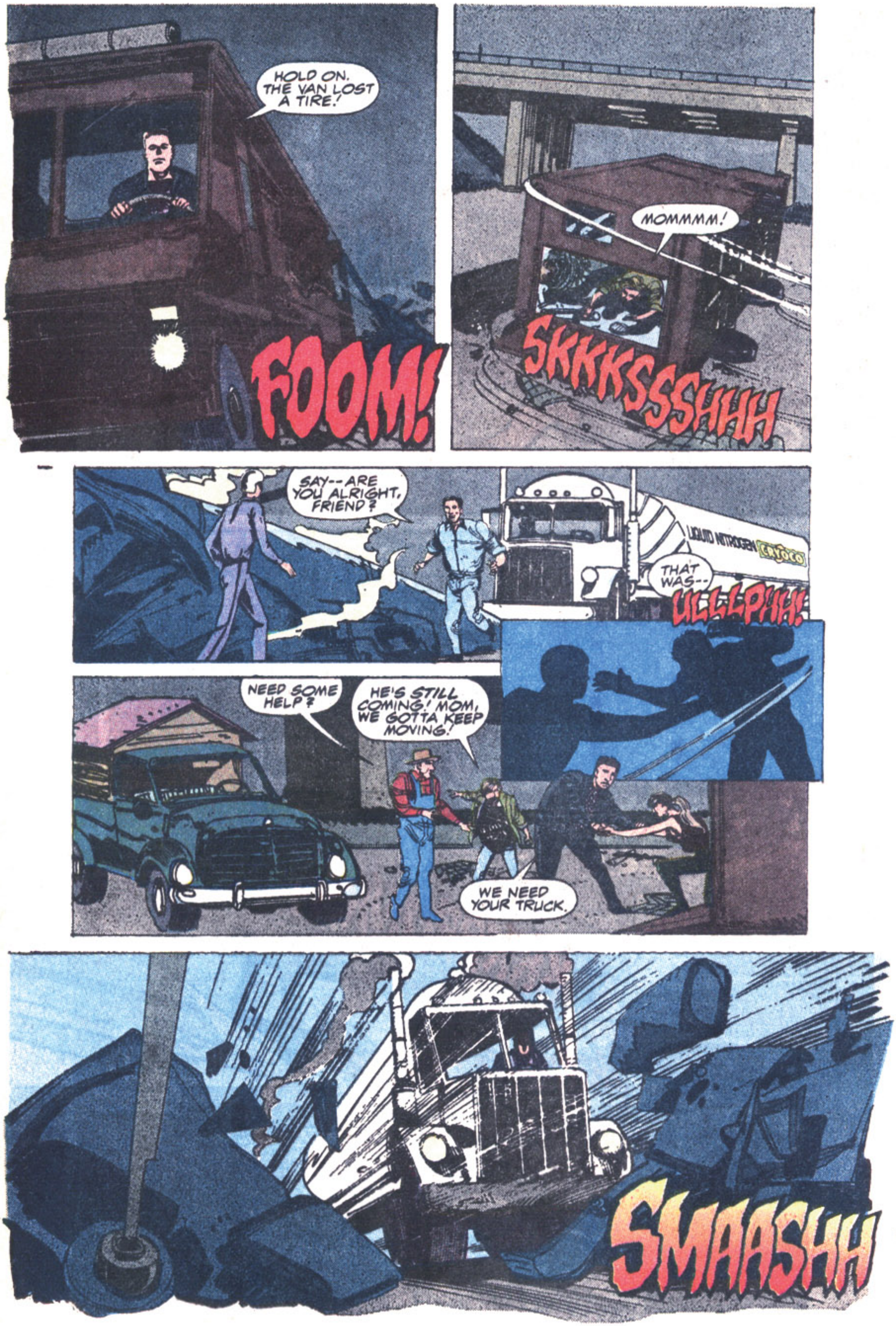

LET'S SEE WHAT'S BEHIND DOOR NUMBER ONE!
HERE'S THE ARM, AND YOU'RE HOLDING THE PROCESSOR.
GOT OL' SKYNET BY THE BRASS NOW, MILES. COME ON, LET'S BOOK!
READY TO ROCK?
TIME TO GO. *RIGHT NOW!*
DYSON, HAND ME THE *DETONATOR!* LET'S GO!
BRAKKABRAKKABRAKKA
AEEII!
MOMMM!
GO...
BRAKKABRAKK

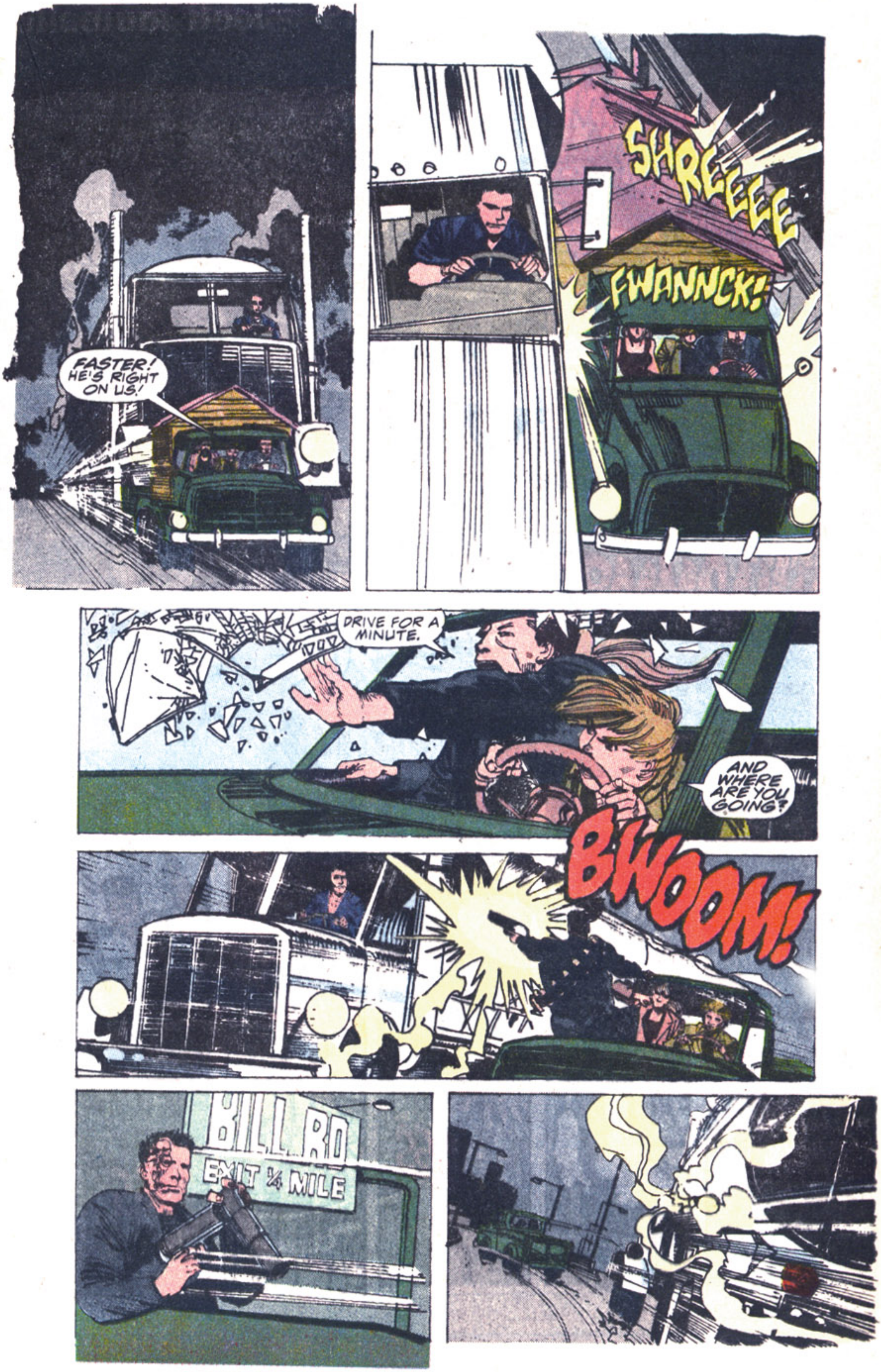

CHAM! CHAM! CHAM!
COME ON!
I DON'T KNOW... HOW MUCH LONGER ...I CAN...HOLD THIS DETONATOR...
FALL BACK! NOW!
GOODBYE...
KLIK
KOFF KOFF JOHN! KOFF HURRY!
KAVOOM!

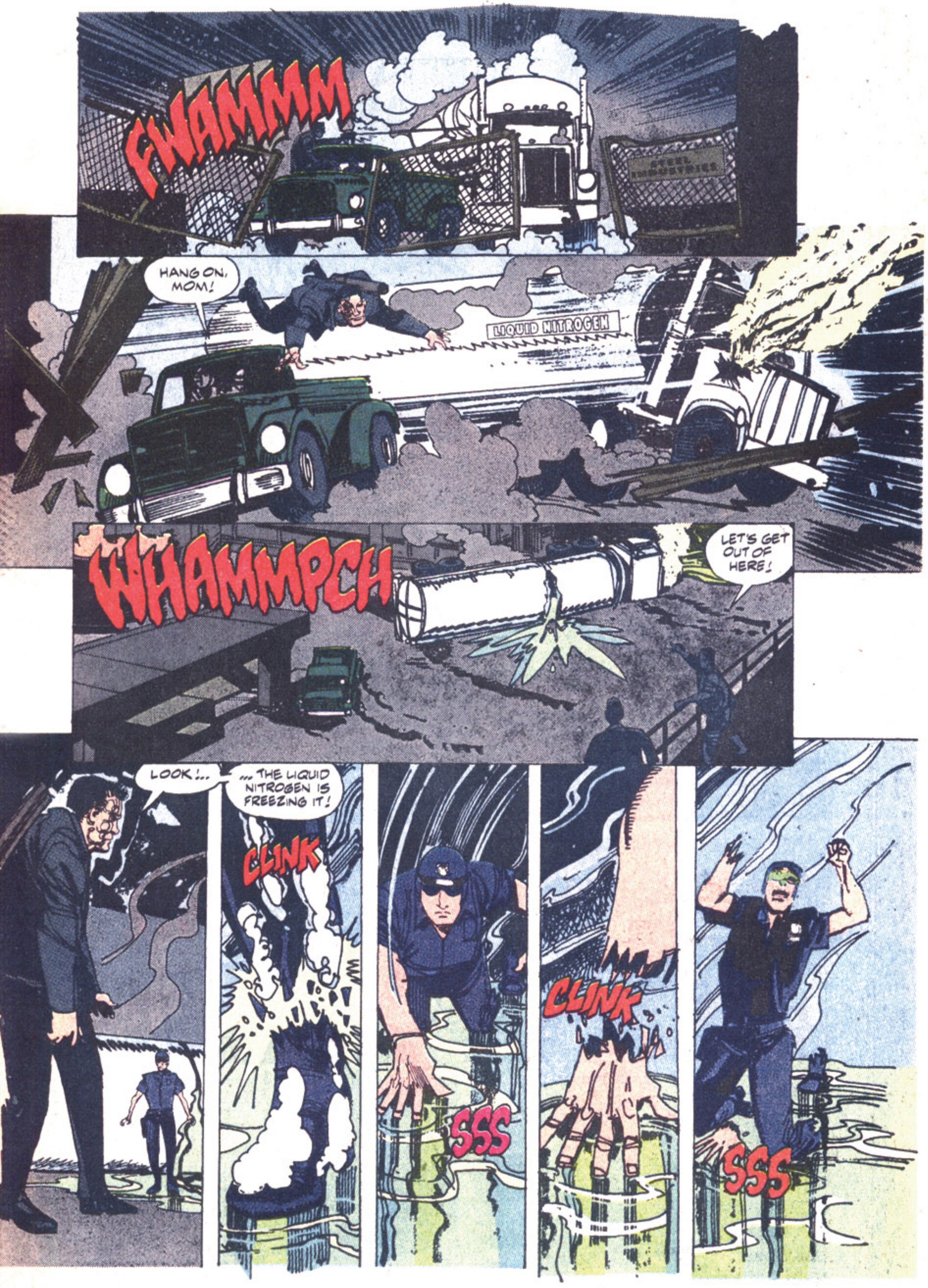

DON'T FORGET, IT'S ALWAYS DARKEST BEFORE ...YOU'RE TOTALLY SCREWED.
KEEP YOUR EYES CLOSED. DON'T MOVE.
I'LL BE BACK.
HOW'S HE HANDLING THE TEAR GAS?
FACE DOWN ON THE FLOOR! NOW!
DROP HIM!
BRAKKABRAKKABRAKKA
YOU'RE NOT HITTING HIM!
YES I AM!
BLAM BLAM
AARGH-- MY LEG!
WHAT IS THIS THING?!

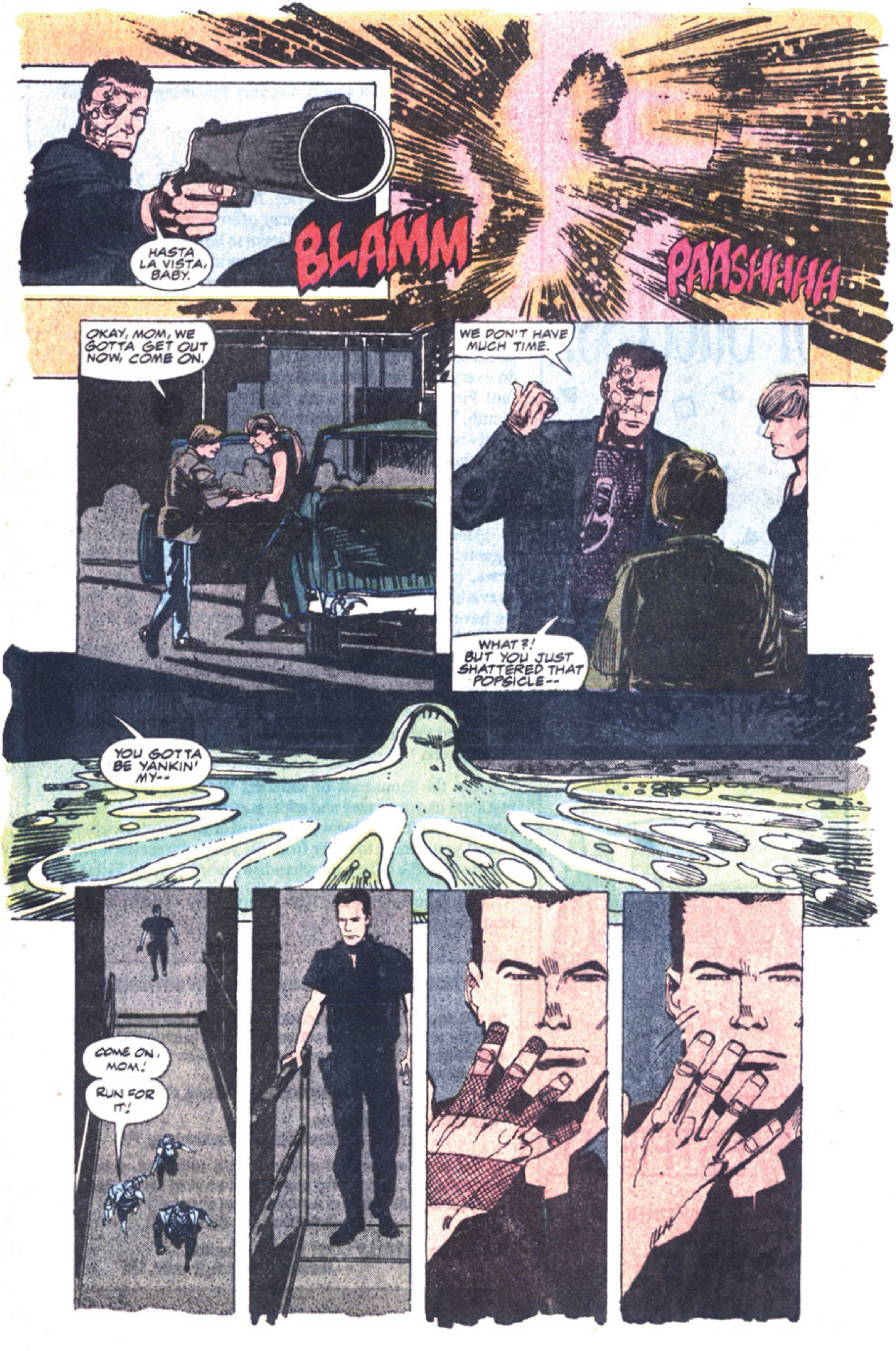

PSSHHT
PSSHHT
UHHH!
HEY MAN-- WHOAAA!
LATER, JERKWAD.
SKKKREESH!!!
SKREEEEEEE
SORRY, LOVE TO STAY, BUT...
JOHN!

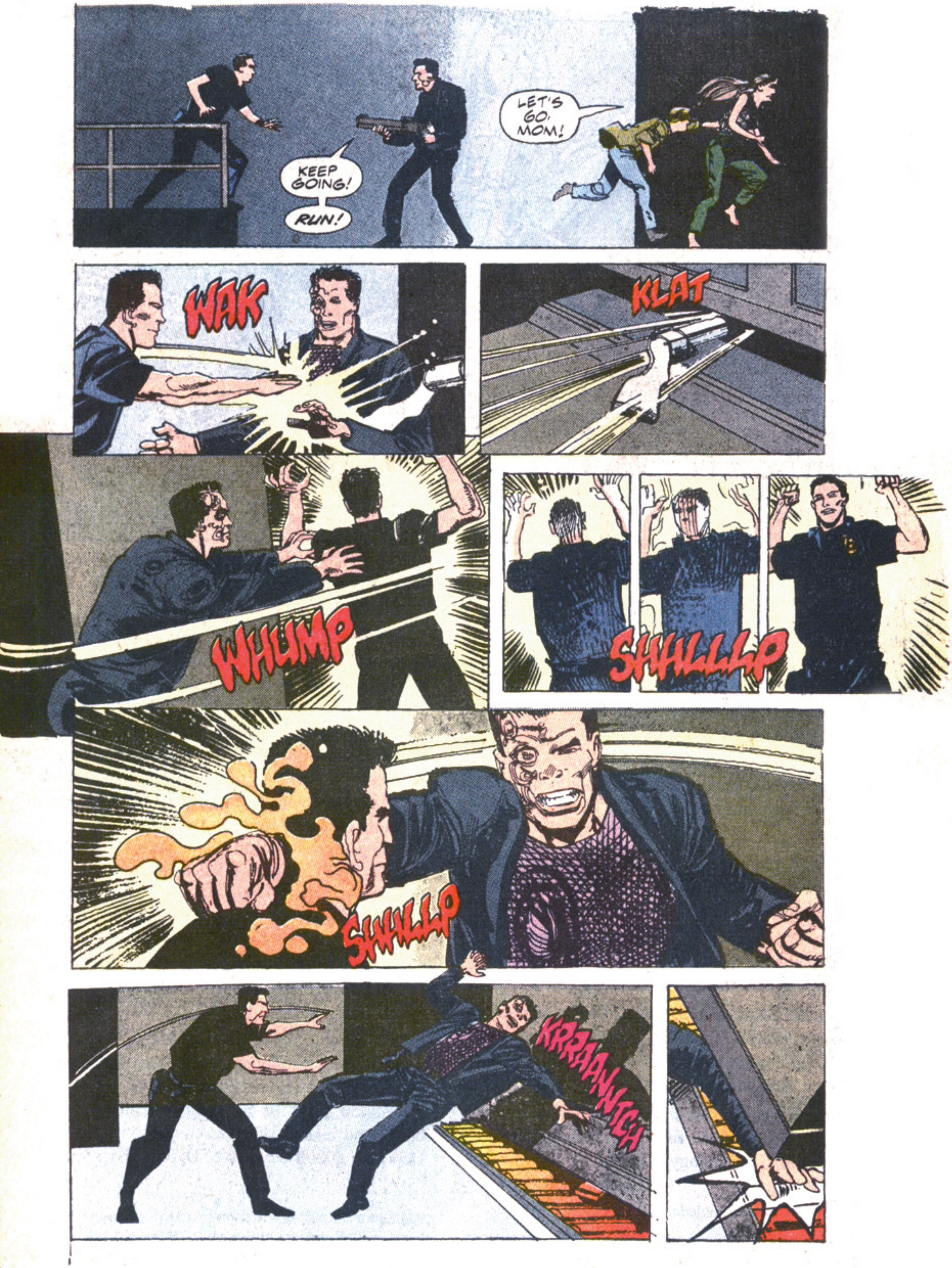

HOLY--
VRRRRSKKASHHH
VUK VUK VUK
GET UNDER THESE!
WHOOA! DID YOU SEE--
I DON'T QUIT EITHER--
AHHRRR!
HANG ON!
BRAKKA BRAKKA
KKKRRUNKKT
SKREEEEEEEEEE
RADICAL. YOU OKAY?
FOR NOW...

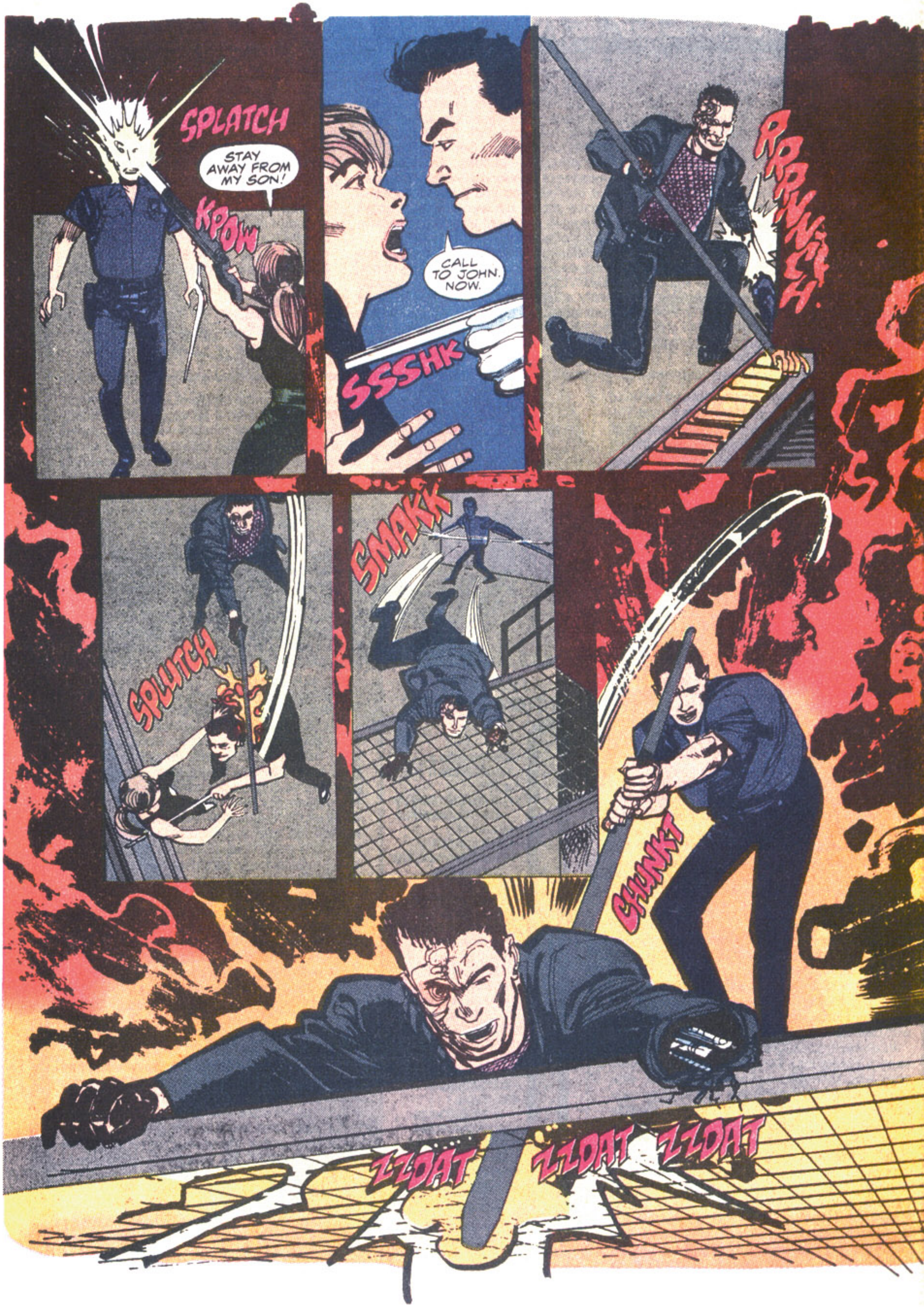

HOLD ON. THE VAN LOST A TIRE!
FOOM!
MOMMMM!
SKKKSSSHHH
SAY--ARE YOU ALRIGHT, FRIEND?
LIQUID NITROGEN CRYOCO
THAT WAS--
ULLLPHH!
NEED SOME HELP?
HE'S STILL COMING! MOM, WE GOTTA KEEP MOVING!
WE NEED YOUR TRUCK.
SMAASHH

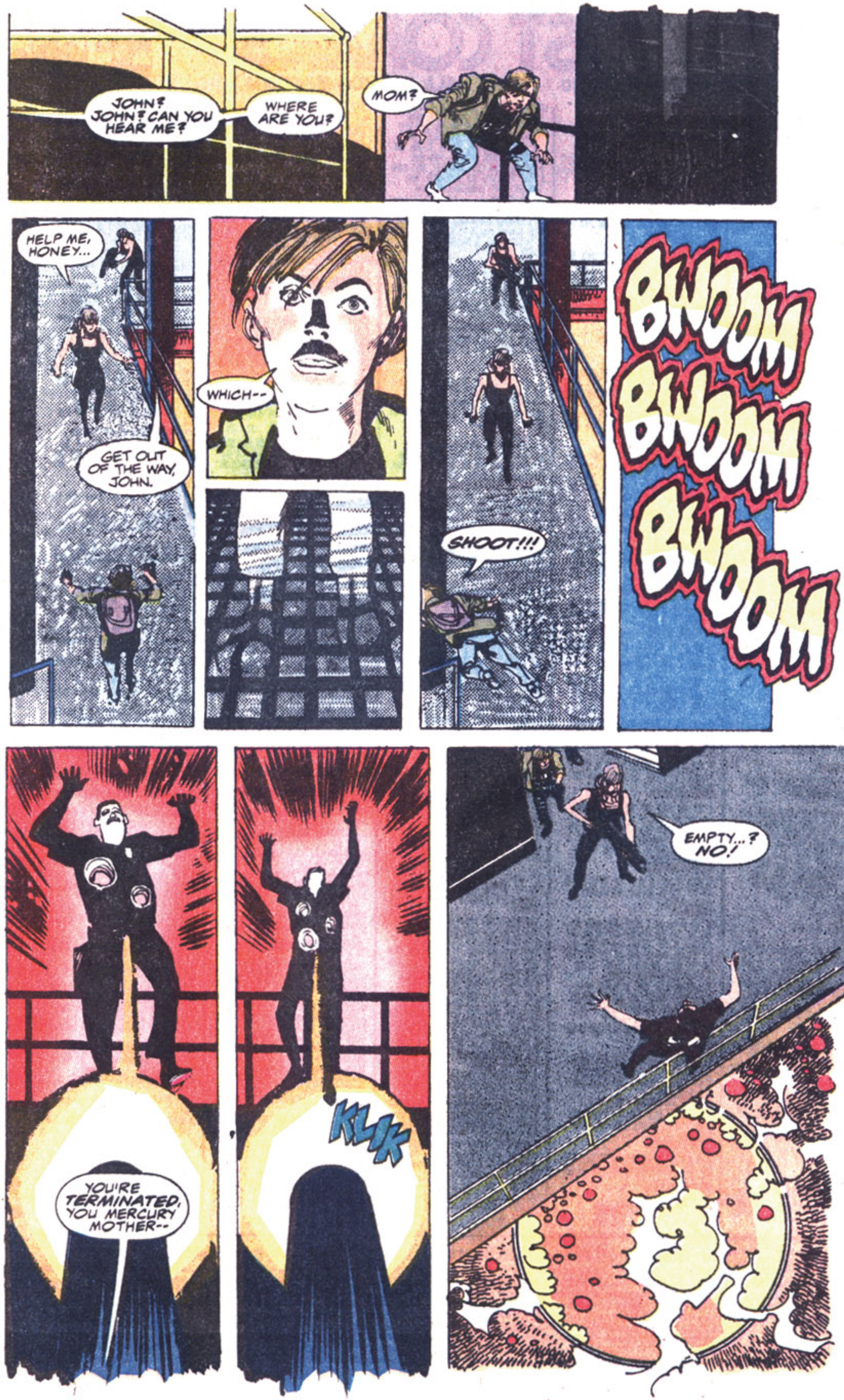

FASTER! HE'S RIGHT ON US!
SHREEEE
FWANNCK!
DRIVE FOR A MINUTE.
AND WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
BWOOM!
BILL RD
EXIT ¼ MILE

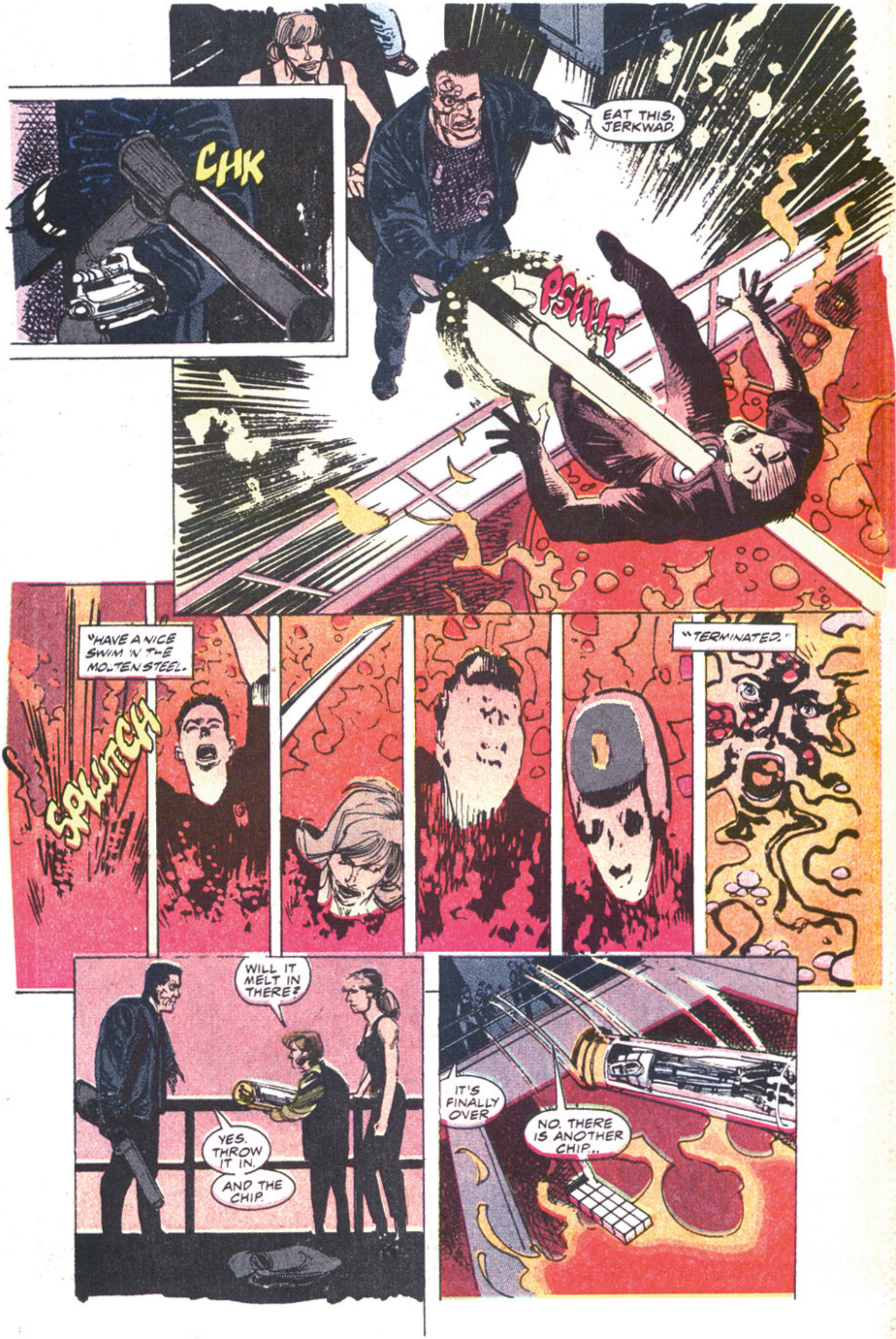

FWAMMM
STEEL INDUSTRIES
HANG ON, MOM!
LIQUID NITROGEN
WHAMMPCH
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
LOOK!...
...THE LIQUID NITROGEN IS FREEZING IT!
CLINK
SSS
CLINK
SSS

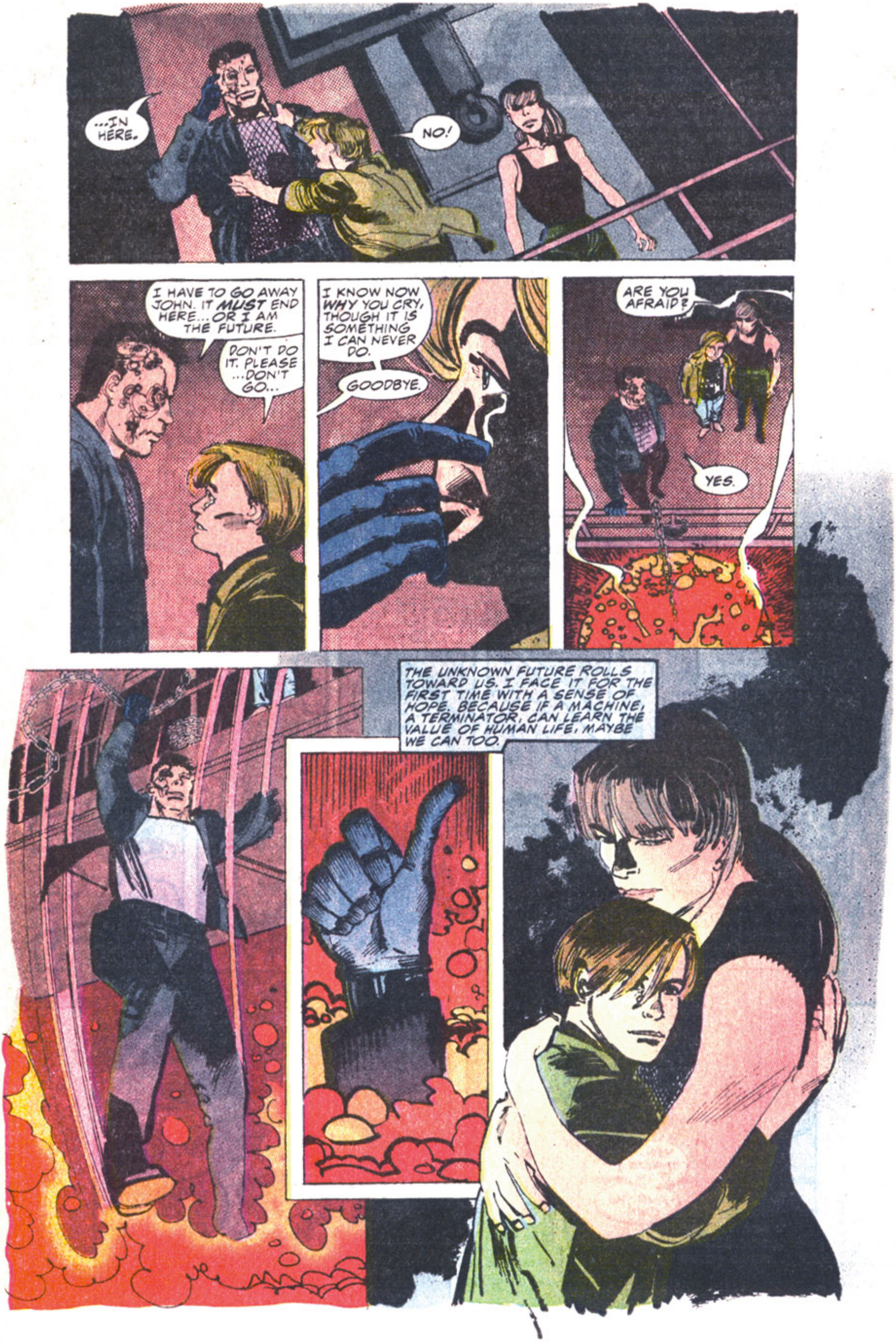

HASTA LA VISTA, BABY.
BLAMM
PAASHHHH
OKAY, MOM, WE GOTTA GET OUT NOW, COME ON.
WE DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME.
WHAT?! BUT YOU JUST SHATTERED THAT POPSICLE--
YOU GOTTA BE YANKIN' MY--
COME ON, MOM!
RUN FOR IT!


LET'S GO, MOM!
KEEP GOING!
RUN!
WAK
KLAT
WHUMP
SHLLLP
SHLLP
KRRAANNCH


SPLATCH
STAY AWAY FROM MY SON!
KPOW
CALL TO JOHN. NOW.
SSSHK
RRRNNCH.
SPLUTCH
SMAKK
CHUNKT
ZZDAT
ZZDAT
ZZDAT


JOHN? JOHN? CAN YOU HEAR ME?
WHERE ARE YOU?
MOM?
HELP ME, HONEY...
GET OUT OF THE WAY, JOHN.
WHICH--
SHOOT!!!
BWOOM BWOOM BWOOM
YOU'RE TERMINATED, YOU MERCURY MOTHER--
KLIK
EMPTY...? NO!


CHK
EAT THIS, JERKWAD.
PSHHT
"HAVE A NICE SWIM IN THE MOLTEN STEEL."
SPLUTCH
"TERMINATED."
WILL IT MELT IN THERE?
YES. THROW IT IN.
AND THE CHIP.
IT'S FINALLY OVER
NO. THERE IS ANOTHER CHIP...


...IN HERE.
NO!
I HAVE TO GO AWAY JOHN. IT MUST END HERE... OR I AM THE FUTURE.
DON'T DO IT. PLEASE ...DON'T GO...
I KNOW NOW WHY YOU CRY, THOUGH IT IS SOMETHING I CAN NEVER DO.
GOODBYE.
ARE YOU AFRAID?
YES.
THE UNKNOWN FUTURE ROLLS TOWARD US. I FACE IT FOR THE FIRST TIME WITH A SENSE OF HOPE. BECAUSE IF A MACHINE, A TERMINATOR, CAN LEARN THE VALUE OF HUMAN LIFE, MAYBE WE CAN TOO.